SATURDAY REVIEW RECORDINGS SECTION—P

Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

VOL. XXXI No. 52 DECEMBER 25, 1948 FIFTEEN CENTS

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"The Keats Circle"—"a whole new province." *(See page 7)*

Are Families Passé?

By RUTH BENEDICT

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This Week

December 25, 1948

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; *Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary;* Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 52, December 25, 1948. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1948 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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ND JOSEPH also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen *it*, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered *them* in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY, Luke 2: 4-20, as it has been told and read from *Oxford Bibles* for 272 years.

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

WHEN WARD GREENE, editor of King Features Syndicate, selected for his anthology, "Star Reporters," the thirty-four stories from the annals of modern American journalism that he considered tops in their field, he provided a book that ninety-seven per cent of the country's newspapermen seem to have purchased. Ninety-six per cent have hollered that their favorite story (sometimes, by an amazing coincidence, one they happened to write themselves) was omitted.

The inclusion in the volume of Gene Fowler's classic account of the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray reminded a member of the staff of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the following bit of Texan journalistic history:

> When Fowler's story was published in the *New York American,* apparently it was also wired to other papers throughout the country, including a small paper in a town in west Texas which we shall call Dunnell. The managing editor of this paper spread it on the front page. His staff consisted of one cub who was so impressed by the story that he cut it out and put it in his scrapbook.
>
> At this point, asterisks denote the passage of several years.
>
> A murder is committed near Dunnell. The guilty man is caught and the cub is assigned to the case. In his cell he makes the acquaintance of the murderer and even wins his friendship to the extent that, at the request of the murderer himself, he is assigned to the execution which takes place several months later at a town we shall call Buntsville. That night the execution story by the cub begins coming over the wire from Buntsville and it is a honey. The managing editor, reading the first 200 words, says to himself, "This sounds familiar. Where have I read this stuff before?" Buntsville notifies him that there are 3,000 more words coming and they do come, and by the time he finishes the yarn he realizes that the cub has lifted outright Fowler's story of the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, and merely substituted the name of the Texas murderer.
>
> Here's where we fool you. The managing editor did not kill the yarn. He decided that nobody would remember Fowler's story, and he spread it all over the paper. He was right. Nobody did remember Fowler's story, least of all the owner of the paper, who arrived at the office the next day, gave the cub a bonus, fired the managing editor and made the cub managing editor in his place! . . .

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR ONE of the book clubs recently offered eight—yes, eight—free volumes as a reward to prospects for signing on the dotted line. Booksellers and publishers, who quite rightly are worried where this sort of thing is going to end, may take heart from the reproduction of an old advertisement that Mr. Otto L. Bettmann was kind enough to dig up from his invaluable archives. It appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1861, and you may observe that the purchaser of a single book in those days qualified for as big a haul as the identifier of a mystery tune on "Stop the Music." Mr. Bettmann suggests that some 1948 publisher get in the swing and advertise "Don't fret if one of our pocket-size books rips your new overcoat. You get a sewing machine free with every copy!"

IN THE SEPTEMBER 4 TRADE WINDS I listed several paradoxical phrases from Peterina Bowker (light housekeeping; free love; honest prejudice; civilized warfare) and asked for more of the same. Margaret Shardelow suggests "grammatical error," Matilda Cartledge "The United Nations," Mary Morrison "righteous indignation," and Graves Taylor "a best seller." Lambert Fairchild submits two: "lawyer's brief" and "new folklore." And Bud Chamberlain, the Marietta, Ohio, cynic, proposes "comic books," "free verse," "simple arithmetic" and "enlightened electorate." . . . Manny Seff is planning a banquet for the leading artists in Hollywood, the evident purpose of which is to spring this menu on them: Stuffed Chicken Hals; Soyer Bean Soup; Piccasho with Knoedler; N. Y. Cut Steiglitz on a Sisley Hot Platter; Roast Dove; Braqueolli; Marin Glace; Bombois Louise. . . . Donald Lindsay, who contributes to Charles W. Lawrence's popular column in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* as "A. P. Yorick," has advanced a new bargain book idea that will give the customer two popular titles for the price of one—and simultaneously at that. Sample titles: "The Magnificent Forever Ambersons"; "Men Without Little Women"; "A Street Car Named Desire Under the Elms"; "Gone with the High Wind in Jamaica"; "How Green Was My Valley of Decision"; "Farewell to Arms and the Man." . . .

DAVID LEONARD, AGED SEVEN, and the proud possessor of a new "typewriting" machine, hereby becomes the youngest contributor to TRADE WINDS (and incidentally eclipses precocious Sterling North, who couldn't win a *St. Nicholas* badge until he was over eight):

THE DISASTER

By David Leonard

I think medecin is awful.
I'd like to break the bottle.
I had to drink all my orange juice.
After breakfast I was not allowed to

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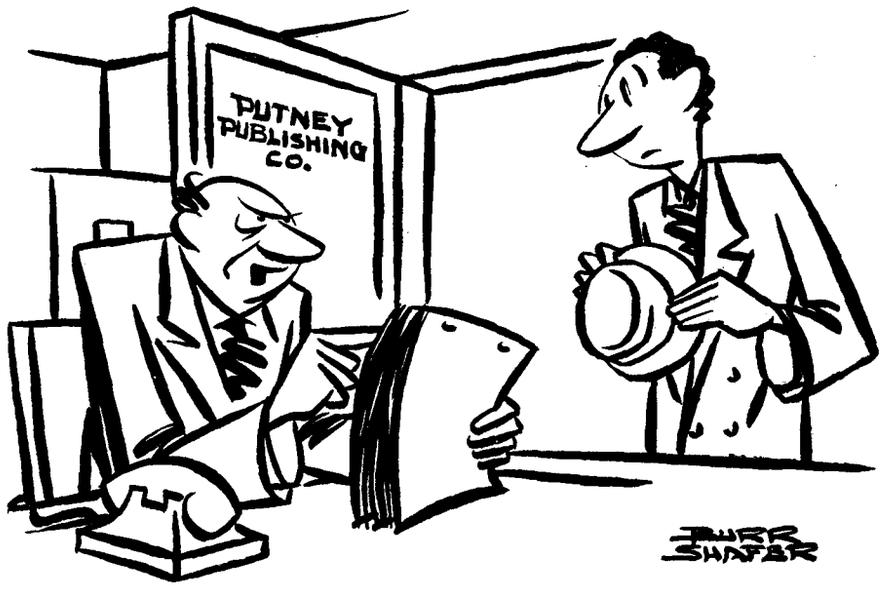

"As you say, history repeats itself, but this is word for word."

run around the living room and
trip Daddy.
I tripped him anyhow.
I did not want to have a bath.
I had to get out of my bath the second
time I went under water.
Daddy got angry when I threw his
newspaper out of the window.
I got angry when I had to put on clean
pajamas.
I do not want to go to bed.
Ten things. Disaster.

David's father, Bill Leonard, whose "This Is New York" is one of the big attractions on CBS, hears footsteps behind him! . . .

DAVE RANDALL, the bibliophenom of Scribner's rare book department, contributes the following bit of publishing history:

> I was amused at your notes on how galley proofs are bootlegged to Hollywood. Times never change. Exactly 126 years ago Sir Walter Scott was very hot stuff indeed; more so in America than in England. John Hay once wrote: "I have heard from my father—a pioneer of Kentucky—that in the early days of this century men would saddle their horses and ride from all the neighboring counties to the principal post-town of the region when a new novel by the Author of Waverley was expected."
>
> The American publishers waged a grim war indeed to be first on the market with a new Scott book. That's a long story and not to be told here but one publisher, Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, solved the problem of beating his competitors by the simple means of bribery of someone in the Ballantyne printing shop to send him advance sheets, thus getting the jump on everyone.
>
> This is proved by the following letter of April 25, 1822, from Scott's publisher, Archibald Constable, to the postmaster at Edinburgh:
>
> > Having reason to believe that one or more of the workmen in Mr. Ballantyne's Printing Office are in the Practice of Abstracting sheets of works in the progress of Printing—more especially those of the Author of Waverley, and forwarding said sheets by means of the Post Office to America, more particularly to Philadelphia, we beg to know if it is consistent with the rules of the Post Office to stop any such sheets so transmitted in order to effect the detection of the person found abstracting our property in this manner.
>
> Nothing, so far as I know, was ever done. And there is an interesting bibliographical snapper to all this. Scott was a meticulous workman, forever driving his printers crazy by last minute revisions, corrections, etc. But Carey in Philadelphia always received and printed from uncorrected galleys and hence Americans read the Waverley novels as their author originally wrote them, and this fact has been of use to Scott students, preserving texts which would otherwise have been lost. . . .

TO READERS WHO HAVE ASKED about autographed copies of "Shake Well Before Using": I will be happy to sign as many as you want for yourselves or your friends, but I'm sure you'll agree it's fair to (1) buy copies from your local bookseller, and (2) enclose return postage when you mail them to me. Meanwhile, to all contributors to this column, to those who I hope will contribute next year, and to all the others who bear with me in silence—a joyous Christmas and a whopping big New Year!

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Are Families Passé?

RUTH BENEDICT

Ruth Benedict

A GREAT many people today speak as if the family were in some special sort of danger in our times. We hear a great deal about "saving the family" and about "preserving the home." Authors and lecturers describe how the family is threatened by divorce, or by mothers who work outside the home, or by unemployment, or by lack of religious training of children. Each of them, depending on his experience in his own home and on his observations in the families he knows, selects something which he thinks should be changed—or should be preserved—and says that if this or that were done the family would be "saved."

To an anthropologist such phrasings are dangerously misleading. He has studied the family among naked savages and in contemporary civilizations and he knows that it has survived in all human societies known in the record of mankind. Just as surely he knows that the family takes all kinds of different forms. It is not merely that unlettered primitive nomads have family arrangements different from Western industrial nations; even in Western nations around the Atlantic shores the family differs profoundly. The ethics of marriage, the specific close emotional ties which the family fosters, the disciplines and freedoms for the child, the nature of the dependency of the children upon the parents, even the personnel which makes up the family—all these differ in Western civilized nations. The anthropologist knows that the changes taking place in the home in any decade in any country do not mean that the family is now about to disintegrate under our eyes unless we do something about it. The problem as he states it is quite different: how do legal and customary arrangements in the family tally with the arrangements and premises of the whole way of life which is valued in any tribe or nation? If, for instance, the father has a heavy, authoritarian hand upon his children, the anthropologist asks: Is this in keeping with authoritarianism in the state and in industry? Or is it at odds with a society which values non-authoritarianism and the pursuit of happiness? He asks the same kind of question about a nation's laws of inheritance from father to son, about the divorce laws, about the architectural layout of the house, about the reasons that are given to children when they are told to be good.

Customs enshrined in the family in any tribe or nation are likely to be sensitively adjusted to the values and customs of each particular people. This is no mystic correspondence; the persons who make up the family are the same people who are the citizens of that nation—the businessmen, the farmers, the churchgoers or non-churchgoers, the readers of newspapers, and the listeners to the radio. In all their roles they are molded more or less surely into a people with certain habits, certain hopes, and a certain *esprit de corps*. Americans come to share certain slogans, behavior, and judgments which differ from those of Frenchmen or Czechs. This is inevitable. And in the process the role of the family also becomes different. By the same token, just as economic and political changes occur over a period of time in the United States or in France or in Czechoslovakia, the family also changes.

AN anthropologist, therefore, when he reads about the failure of the family, finds in such criticism a somewhat special meaning. He remembers how often the family is made a convenient whipping boy among many peoples who disapprove of the way their world is going. He has seen it in Amazon jungles and on the islands of the Pacific. The author remembers an American Indian tribe which used to talk about the family in a most uncomplimentary fashion. They were a people who, not long before, had roamed over the great plains hunting buffalo and proving their courage by war exploits. Now they lived on a reservation, and tending crops was no adequate substitute for their old way of life. Their old economic arrangements of boastful gift giving, their political life, and their religious practices had either been destroyed by circumstances or had lost their old meaningfulness. Life had become pointless to them. These men talked with gusto about the failure of the family. They said that in the family the children no longer learned manners, or religion, or generosity, or whatever it was the individual Indian favored as a cure-all. The family, too, weighed a man down, they said; it was a burden to him.

To the anthropologist studying this tribe, however, the family was precisely the best arranged, most trustworthy institution in their whole culture. It was hard beset and it had not escaped the tragic effects of the general disintegration of tribal life, but it was what provided the warm, human ties and the dependable secur-

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ity which were left in that Indian tribe. The children were loved and cared for, the husbands and wives often had comfortable relations with each other, and family hospitality had a graciousness that was absent in more public life. At birth and marriage and death the family still functioned as an effective institution. And there seemed to be no man or woman of childbearing age who was not married or would not have preferred to be.

The writer thinks of this Indian tribe when she hears Americans talk about the decay of the family. Instead of viewing the family with such alarm, suppose we look at it as it exists in this decade in this country and see how it is arranged to fulfill its functions in American schemes of life. Let us leave aside for the moment the questions of whether conditions are provided that would keep it from preventable overstrain and of whether as human beings we are able to get all the satisfaction we might out of this institution; let us consider only the arrangements of the family as we know it and how these fit in with our values and with the way we should like to plan our lives.

Suppose we take marriage first. Marriage sets up the new family, and it seems to make a great deal of difference whether a society dictates that the new home shall be begun in tears and heartache or with rejoicing. Many human societies would not recognize a marriage without a wailing bride and a sullen groom. Often the bride has to be surrounded by her mourning women, who lament her coming lifelong separation from her parents and her brothers and sisters, as well as her future misery as she goes to work for her mother-in-law. Often they cut her long hair and remove her jewelry as a sign that she is now a worker and no longer alluring. The groom's role, too, may be that of an unwilling victim. Often marriages are arranged by the parents without giving the two young people any chance to know each other.

All these circumstances are absent in marriages in the United States. The young people are hardly hampered in their choice of a mate; if occasionally parents deplore their choice, public opinion allows the young couple to outface them and expects the parents to accept the inevitable with as much decency as they can muster. We expect that the bride and groom will be in love or will have chosen each other for reasons known to themselves. Whether they marry for love or for money or to show they can win a sought-after mate from a rival, in any case they are making a personal choice and are not acting on command. Because in every field of life American culture puts such a high value on this kind of freedom and so bitterly resents its curtailment in peacetime, the fact that young people do make their own choice of a mate is an important and auspicious arrangement. The arranged marriage which is traditional in France or the careful class restrictions which have been observed in Holland would be difficult to manage in the United States. The wide range of choice of a mate and the fact that the young people make their own selection are conditions which could hardly be made more satisfactory for Americans with their particular habits and demands.

After marriage, too, the new family has a wide range of choices about where to live, how the wife shall occupy herself, when to start a family, and a host of other important matters. Such freedom is extremely unusual in the world. Sometimes the couple must live with the husband's family, sometimes with the wife's. Often in other countries, until one or two children are born, the young man continues to work for his father and has no say about the farm or the flock and no money which he can control. But in the United States a young couple plans the family budget before the wedding and what they earn is theirs to spend.

The way the new family in this country sets up its own separate home makes possible a rare and delightful circumstance: the two of them can have an incomparable privacy. No matter how hard it has been to arrange for privacy before marriage, as soon as the wedding is over everybody expects them to have their own latch key and their own possessions around them. If they cannot manage this, they feel cheated and other people think something is wrong. It is the same if they have to give a home to a parent. In most civilized countries this is a duty to which as a good son and good daughter they are bound, but if it is necessary in the United States their friends and neighbors will regard them as exceptionally burdened. Even the scarcity and high wages of domestic servants give the young family a greater privacy. Considering that they have chosen each other to their own liking, this privacy in the home is made to order to gratify them; the only problem is whether they can use it to their own happiness.

WHEN they cannot, and when they find that their choice of a mate was not fool-proof just because they made it on their own, there is in the United States great freedom to get a divorce. Our growing divorce rate is the subject of much viewing-with-alarm; yet in a culture built as ours is on ever-expanding personal choice, an important goal of which is the pursuit of happiness, the right to terminate an unhappy marriage is the other side of

(Continued on page 26)

Musical Doll

By Mary Ballard Duryee

SO slender of form and so fair of mien,
So classic and chaste of feature,
She made her bow at the Christmas scene
An utterly ravishing creature,
Ordered from Paris in April green
When Queen Victoria still was queen.

Maisie Music, I named her then,
And loved her with deep devotion;
Her eyes—and the lashes that hid them when
The moment was pure emotion—
Proved her a woman who dealt with men
In the way that I longed to deal—at ten.

If tipping her wrong side up you wound
A key concealed in her laces,
Maisie Music gave forth a sound
As if she were going places,
And her small black slippers tapped the ground
As she pirouetted round and round . . .

O Maisie Music, do dreams come true
In the land of toys departed?
Does a phantom lover bow to you
When the Dolls' Gavotte gets started?
And after the Ball oh who, oh who
Rocks you to sleep as I used to do?

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Belles-Lettres.

The news from the world of belles-lettres this week suggests that the more things change, the more they remain the same. American scholars are still preparing definitive editions of the works of the chief English literary figures,—vide Hyder E. Rollins's two volumes from the Harvard Keats collection. The fame of the poet-critic Edith Sitwell, one of the brightest ornaments of British literature over the past three decades, continues to shine,—vide the collection of essays celebrating her current visit to America. The reputation of Franz Kafka, the Bohemian who wrote in German, continues to wax,—vide the recent publication of an important collection of his stories and essays. And, as in the Twenties, American writers are lamenting the sterility of their native land,—vide the anthology, "New Directions 10."

A New Scholastic Province Rescued

THE KEATS CIRCLE: Letters and Papers, 1816-1878. Edited by Hyder Edward Rollins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. *Vol. I* 482 *pp., Vol. II* 519 *pp.* $12.50.

Reviewed by CARLOS BAKER

THESE outwardly handsome and inwardly wealthy volumes annex a whole new province to the realm of exact factual knowledge about John Keats, his friends, associates, and posthumous admirers.

Professor Rollins calls his prodigious work a "source-book." For plain readers it may well be a source of that pleasure which comes of leisurely browsing among old letters and biographical sketches of the truly great, the adventitiously great, and the undeservedly obscure. For Keats scholars, however, the edition will be an indispensable reference work. Of the documents here printed, about fifty have elsewhere appeared entire, though often inexactly transcribed and in widely scattered volumes and periodicals. Some of the 300 other items have been excerpted, fragmented, inadequately summarized, or otherwise mauled. The editor has given each the benefit of experienced editorial scrutiny, arranged the whole in chronological order, and happily squared off the disputed ground for future biographers of Keats. In a realm which has been well-known, but never exactly known, this alone is a great service.

Specifically, these volumes make available for reading and study some 351 separate pieces from the Harvard Keats Collection. Besides Amy Lowell's gatherum of Keatsiana, deposited at the university in 1927 and subsequently enlarged by gift and purchase, this great collection has included since 1941 the so-called "Crewe papers," assembled chiefly by Richard Monckton Milnes, Keats's Victorian biographer, and purchased in 1939 by Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. The collection now occupies special quarters in Harvard's new Houghton Library. Professor Rollins was also able to incorporate, in the interests of completeness, the important parts of Richard Woodhouse's renowned scrapbook, long owned by the Pierpont Morgan Library of New York.

This is the first time in several generations of Keats scholarship that so many important source-documents have been rescued at once from the status of manuscript. Nor is "rescued" too strong a word. The handwriting in many of the letters is not only unbelievably bad, but has also been the spawning-ground for varieties of error. Keats's own scrawl was copybook calligraphy in comparison to that of friends like Dilke. "If the only copies of the Greek and Roman authors had been made by you, and Bailey, and Haydon," wrote Keats to Dilke, "they were as good as lost." Professor Rollins, who cut his editorial teeth on Elizabethan and Jacobean handwriting, is clearly the man to trust with the task of deciphering the probable intention of Keats's correspondents. Yet even he is often in doubt. One of Bailey's words, for example, may be read with equal probability as "during," "through," or "strong," while Severn's account of his seasickness on the voyage to Rome refers to the "circumbanditusses of my craw," a reading which Professor Rollins accepted only after assurance from three handwriting experts that it was what Severn wrote.

Among the other editorial achievements of this book is the correction of a very considerable number of erroneous dates and the definite establishment of others for the first time. Errors originated or perpetuated by Colvin, Garrod, Lowell, and others are carefully revised, and despite the editor's chivalric restraint, Miss Lowell looks even less like a scholar than some of her readers formerly supposed. Among the important matters apparently settled here, once for all, is that of the exact date of Keats's death and burial, a subject of recent learned dispute.

Readers to whom such problems are of secondary interest will discover rewards of another sort in the Rollins edition: skilfully condensed and often very fresh biographical sketches of the major correspondents in the Keats circle; new light on Blackwood, proprietor of the famous magazine and of what was ironically called, in his day, "magnanimity beyond the Tweed"; a retelling, through the basic documents, of the melancholy story of Keats's last illness and death, when Keats was wishing "with a dreadful earnestness" for release from what he could only regard as a "posthumous life"; the subsequent fortunes of George, the American Keats; and (in many ways the most enthralling of all) the tale of various plans for a biography of the poet, the jostlings for priority, the gradual drift toward Milnes, the ultimate deference to that gifted young lord, and his publication of the first important life in 1848. Then one can follow the corrections and revisions suggested to Milnes and the long story of the disparate adventures of those whose sole common link was that they had known, in his brief heyday, the five-foot poet who thought he would be remembered in English literature.

As the "definitive edition" of the Harvard Keats Collection up to the year 1878, the Rollins edition obviously does not contain anything like the greater part of the Keats Circle correspondence now in existence—as, for example, the priceless holdings at the Keats Museum, Hampstead. Yet since it offers a great collection of basic documents, of extensive chronological range and virtually absolute editorial dependability, the work will immediately take its place as a primary sourcebook for all future biographical and critical work in connection with Keats.

Carlos Baker, associate professor of English at Princeton, is author of "Shelley's Major Poetry."

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Paradise—Death

A CELEBRATION FOR EDITH SITWELL. Edited by José Garcia Villa. New York: New Directions. 1948. 144 *pp.* $1.50.

THE SONG OF THE COLD. By Edith Sitwell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 113 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

THE sixteen essays which Mr. Villa has brought together to celebrate the triumphant Sitwell tour of America make an intelligent and coherent critical volume, even though they were written as ceremonial praise by friends and admirers. Miss Sitwell's own highly analytical study of poetic texture in "The Pleasures of Poetry" and in her work on Shakespeare and Pope forbids less specific appreciation by others of the subtle music of her great recent lyrics. Consequently there is nearly as much quotation as commentary in "A Celebration," and some excellently detailed tracing-through of transformations in her imagery and manner. These transformations themselves have been so profound and dramatic that they can be profitably approached from the varying perspectives of the quite different people writing here. Though some contributions are strikingly less substantial than others, Mr. Villa has kept the volumes almost completely free from the overlapping generalities which sometimes make up such collective tributes. Besides essays by writers like Spender, Bowra, Osbert Sitwell (who inflates a simple anecdote to seven times its proper length), Horace Gregory, Charles Morgan, Arthur Waley, and Gertrude Stein (at her most barren and tedious), Mr. Villa reprints "Gold Coast Customs," "Still Falls the Rain," and several other lyrics, mostly from "Street Songs."

"A Celebration" enables us to follow Edith Sitwell's progress from the earlier artificial paradise, the jeweled garden, the baroque fancies and exoticisms, the nursery-rhyme jingles of "tarlatine" and "Charlottine," to the cosmic, mythic, resurrectional lament for man's murderous self-destruction. This development was intensified by the war, but it had been long preparing, not only in the terrible "Gold Coast Customs" and "Four Elegies," but in her historical works and in the novel about Jonathan Swift, "I Live Under a Black Sun." Anyone who has read the profoundly suggestive quotations gathered by Miss Sitwell in "A Poet's Notebook" knows that her development has not been merely a response to events, however cataclysmic, but a continuing act of intelligence and will. Her cosmic sense has been deepened not only by her original seventeenth-century English favorites, but by nature philosophers, mystics, estheticians, and theologians of all ages, and especially by such interpreters of Greek myth as Jane Harrison.

—*Tchelitchew.*

Edith Sitwell's "songs are wholly adequate to their awful themes."

All this reaches full poetic expression in "The Song of the Cold," which contains even more magnificent lyrics than "Street Songs" or "Green Song." The earliest qualities are still present in lines like "Amid the asp-aspersions of the dust," but they are now subordinate qualities which enrich and characterize without distracting. The dominant qualities, the preoccupation with death, with the mythic Greek underground, with floral and solar symbols of resurrection, are very like those of D. H. Lawrence's last poems, but with more formal control and melodic subtlety. They have some of Lawrence's weaknesses, too. The incantatory, prophetic, psalmist effects are powerful, but they work by cumulation rather than logical or dramatic progression. Though Miss Sitwell is writing about man's condition now—with three poems on the atom bomb—she expresses herself in a recurrence of traditional symbols, and not in the topical allusions, the narratives and individual portraits of the poetry of Auden and Spender and Yeats and of most major poets of earlier periods. This limits the explication of her ideas and leads to a certain repetition from poem to poem. Musically, imagistically, and emotionally, nevertheless, these songs are wholly adequate to their awful themes, and oppose disintegration with great spiritual force.

Sampling Phenomenon

THE PENAL COLONY. By Franz Kafka. New York: Schocken Books. 1948. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CLAUDE HILL

ONE of the strangest phenomena of twentieth-century literature is the Bohemian Jew Franz Kafka, who wrote in German. When he died in 1924, he was almost totally unknown to the general public. Today his work, including three posthumous novels, is being as widely discussed in New York as in Paris and London. Leading critics are acclaiming him as one of the most fascinating minds of our time, and the professional Kafka-literature is increasing by the hour.

"The Penal Colony" comprises everything that Kafka either published himself or authorized for publication during his lifetime. It closely approximates the first volume of the original German "*Gesammelte Schriften*," edited by Max Brod in 1935. Some of the better known prose pieces have been available in English before, but thanks to Kafka's faithful publishers, the American reader can now buy all his short prose (some posthumously published fragments excepted) in one handy volume. To name only the most significant stories of the new edition: there is the nightmarish "Metamorphosis," the strange "Judgment" (also known as "The Verdict"), the bizarre "Hunger Artist," Kafka's most famous piece, and, above all, the gruesome "Penal Colony," which gives the book its somewhat misleading title. There are also a great number of fragmentary pieces, essays, and autobiographical material.

Many honest Kafka readers often find themselves in the same predicament as the people in the fairy tale of the emperor's clothes: they see nothing where others pretend to see the light of wisdom. The ever-growing Kafka literature has done little to pave the way for a better understanding of an admittedly difficult and elusive author. There are chiefly two schools of interpretation: the religious revivalists trying to reduce Kafka to a mystic saint, and the Freudians attempting to explain him in terms of sexual symbolism and nomenclature. As so often is the case, the truth would seem to lie somewhat between these two extremes. Kafka was a Jew, and there is little doubt that he suffered from his Jewishness, from the frustration of being excluded. One could, for instance, interpret the nightmare of "The Metamorphosis," in which the character Gregor wakes up as a huge insect one morning, as the fate of the Western Jew who has undergone so-

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cial isolation and finally meets total disintegration. However, Kafka was more than just a frustrated Jew. He was attracted by the Protestant philosopher Kierkegaard, and inasmuch as the Danish theologian influenced modern existentialism, a possible explanation for Kafka's rising fame might be found in this fact. Could it be that nobody has caught modern man's utter anxiety more depressingly than Kafka? Could it be that Kafka's neurosis—and he was a neurotic if there ever was one—is nothing but the neurosis of our time?

It is the title story, "The Penal Colony," which reveals Kafka's gifts of sinister anticipation and prophecy. A visitor witnesses the execution of a supposedly disobedient prisoner in a penal colony. An officer, who is to direct the sadistically ingenious execution apparatus, sacrifices himself and is horribly killed while the machine slowly falls to pieces. What stands out in this story is the cool, detached, scientific way in which legalized torture has been described here by a writer in 1914 who could not possibly have known anything about the extermination camps and gas vans of 1944. It is the businesslike, hellishly efficient, frozen inhumanity, reminiscent of Chaplin's "Monsieur Verdoux" and practised by contemporary totalitarian regimes, that Kafka has anticipated in this most repulsive of his stories.

This reviewer does not agree with those critics who consider Franz Kafka one of the truly great writers of our time. There are technical shortcomings in his work as well as deep gaps in his spiritual world. Yet there is no modern author more fascinating, more puzzling, more challenging, and —unfortunately—more characteristic for the malignant frustration of moddern man.

Claude Hill is assistant professor of German at Rutgers University.

A Ferment at Work

NEW DIRECTIONS 10. *Edited by James Laughlin. New York: New Directions.* 1948. 508 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FOR some time critics have agreed that while the writers of the Twenties and early Thirties had left us naked and ashamed, stripped of every rag of native culture, our poets, essayists, and novelists over the last dozen years had reclothed us, however lightly, so that we might face the world again with some dignity and respect for ourselves and for our country. "New Directions 10," an exhibition of "new and divergent trends in our literature," with its leavening of poetry from Peru, Italy, and France, takes us right back where Dos Passos (before he changed his tune), Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, Caldwell, Faulkner, and the rest, left us so long ago. Most of these forty-six addicts to the unconventional in literature who roam through 500 pages of fine print seem to agree that the United States is not only a horrible place in which to live, since it is neurotic, inhumanly mechanized, brutally crude, and sex-obsessed, but that it is a danger to whatever is left of European culture. In prose and poetry "New Directions 10" is a grand Guignol dramatization of Henry Miller's "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare."

Then, one asks, what is there new and divergent in this collection, which has a familiar ring to the ears, like the tolling of a cracked bell in a neglected church? A great deal of excellent writing, to be sure, but there is nothing new about that. And is there anything original in the attraction of youthful imaginations to the macabre and the sensational, or the dissatisfaction of older minds with the state of civilization or society in a revolutionary world? Before taking a few samples we might examine Mr. Laughlin's preface. He says, "I am strongly apathetic to the visual and aural vulgarities of the USA—things that so constantly offend the eye (the ugly buildings and almost everything the automobile has brought us) and the ear (what comes out of the radio and jukebox)." This might have been and was written twenty years ago, or perhaps two years ago, since he has left out the latest assault to refined ears and eyes, the magic box of television. "In Europe," he adds, "it is still possible to be 'successful' in terms other than monetary." There are elements in Europe, it appears, busy copying our bad habits, but the price of gasoline has checked their efforts. Mr. Laughlin's entire essay, aside from his valuable comments on European culture, belongs to the days when it was taken for granted that America had nothing to export except barbarism, and Europe was still the home of inspiration and the arts.

Mary McCarthy's essay sounds the same tired note. "An Englishman of almost any political opinion can show a visitor through the Houses of Parliament with a sense of pride," though she qualifies this by adding, "or at least of indulgence toward his national foibles and traditions." But lo the poor American! "If he has any spark of national feeling," says Miss McCarthy, "he will be humbled by the very prospect of a foreigner's visit to Congress." Our legislators are, for the most part, "illiterate hacks, whose fancy vests are spotted with gravy," and their speeches "with the gravy of political patronage." When she writes that they expose the

—*Talbot.*

Tennessee Williams—"a final blast of sadistic terror."

—*Hubert Davey.*

Evelyn Waugh—"an old and timeless song of Hollywood."

Mary McCarthy—"a sense of pride or at least of indulgence."

—*Eric Stahlberg.*

Peter Viereck—a parable of God and the universe.

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democratic process in its underwear, her words are like the echo of Dickens's visit to Washington a century ago. Is there anything new and divergent in this, or in Evelyn Waugh's old and timeless song of Hollywood, "A Term of Disparagement." Thank you, we know all about Hollywood, for we have been reading phrases like Mr. Waugh's for twenty years or more; but perhaps there is something of the new look for the avant garde in his final moan. "The great danger is that the European climate is becoming inclement for artists; they are notoriously comfort-loving people. The allurements of the modest luxury of Hollywood are strong. Will they be seduced there to their own extinction?" His last sentence sounds like the final lines of a radio soap opera, and the answer is, "Yes, Mr. Waugh, if they are invited they will come."

The moral climate of most of the fiction, however vividly and powerfully it may be expressed, is like a worm's-eye view of the arid backyard of a city slum. Let the reader take a few samples of the conceptions expressed in fiction and poetry. Here are lines from William Jay Smith's "Ballad for Bedlam":

God bless the hermit crab, the Veteran
of Foreign Wars, the intestines of the whale,
The old man's rattle, and the infant's wail:
Our Ornament derives from the bowels of our betters.

Death and its symbols, immemorial in all youthful verse, is the constant refrain of New Directions' poets. Here is John Senior, from "In Memoriam for a World," asking what we have inherited:

The hope for death yet lingers
with the dead, we wait for dawn,
clowns with tragic faces on . . .
We have inherited a grave
twenty years after the second flood—
death mask of Byzantium,
descent of the final curtain
on God's great comedy of blood.

From the grimmest and perhaps some of the best written of the stories, here are a few conceptions of American life in this day of grace. John H. Porter's "The Indianapolis Story": A young and self-tortured onanist works in the morgue on a city paper, desperately alone, and pitiably loathsome. Read the last paragraph:

> Ah, Indianapolis, asshole of the nation! Sometimes I wonder what else went on in the town that day. If life was not bearable for the others, then when, then where? Did they have any fun? Did they say hello? Did anyone ever come to the help of the swollen girl whose bastard was born in hatred at the burnt-out end of the world so few escape?

Howard Nemerov, in a brilliant but somehow nauseating story, "The Amateurs," writes of the meeting of a group of intellectuals at the end of febrile exasperation with themselves and the world, whose last thrill is exploring the charms of sadism. Brom Weber's "The Project" is concerned with another exile from life who only exists in the New York Public Library. When he is thrown out for mutilating magazines and accosting a woman, he groans in the last line, "Where would I go tomorrow and the day after, when I had left the library never to return?" Peter Viereck's "Who Killed the Universe?" is a fantasy in which a janitor (God) blows up an apartment house (the universe). Donald Windham's "Flesh Farewell" is the dramatically executed story of two youths in an amusement park. Here is sadism again, for one of them beats a young girl on the rollercoaster almost to death to force her to look down on a reeling world. In Louis A. Fiedler's "We'll All Feel Gay," a veteran walks through the streets with his young son, and this happy occasion gives rise to these thoughts: "Unable to escape a continual sense of oppression under the monstrous rancor, incongruous with its apparent causes, that could make the subway guard, the streetcar conductor, a woman beside a child—suddenly the howling enemy; the seed of wrath in every passer, the underground uncriminal terror no apparatus could track." Tennessee Williams's "Desire and the Black Masseur" is a final blast of sadistic terror which it is just as well not to describe. Considering the theme, it is difficult to imagine how it could have been more imaginatively or powerfully expressed.

But enough of this! There are fine things, new and old, apart from those from which we have quoted, both in poetry and prose. There are certainly vigorous young minds stirring in the dust and the confusion of this day. If their eyes are not raised to the stars but are cast down to the nether world of horror and even pity for suffering humanity, there is a ferment at work in this book for all to see. A psychiatrist would have a fine busman's holiday in its pages.

Listening to a Dialogue of One

ON THE LIMITS OF POETRY: SELECTED ESSAYS, 1928-1948. By Allen Tate. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow Co. 1948. 379 pp. $4.

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

THOSE who have long been stimulated and challenged by Allen Tate's literary criticism will welcome this collection of his essays chosen from previous volumes not always now readily available. Mr. Tate is an earnest and subtle critic who turns his inquiring eye on past and present literature with the pure intention of perceiving it and its problems with clarity—of noting necessary distinctions, eliminating confusions and misapprehensions, and illuminating the distinctive qualities of artistic literary expression. He is often rather like a man with a powerful pair of field-glasses reporting to his friends (who lack such aids) what he sees: his friends, not being able to see through the glasses, cannot always quite make out from his description of what he sees exactly what he is describing; but they do know that he is giving an honest and careful report of what is visible to him.

Sometimes Mr. Tate appears to be thinking aloud or arguing with himself, or asking himself where he stands with reference to other critics and principles, and as the argument proceeds and he clarifies his own vision (focusses his field-glasses, to continue the metaphor) he appears occasionally to forget that he is reporting his insights to others and to be absorbed only in making sure that he is himself seeing things in their right perspective. In fact, the reader often has the feeling of overhearing a "dialogue of one," in which the author is wrestling with problems for his own peace of mind.

Mr. Tate is at his best as a critic of poetry, and probably best of all in reporting on his specific perceptions rather than in discussing general principles—but it is only fair to add that I make this latter point because I find myself in disagreement with a number of his general principles, while I find his specific perceptions almost always illuminating. All in all one must salute Mr. Tate for the consistently high level of his critical discussion and for his insistence on distinguishing literary effect and values from others with which they are so often and so easily confused. If all critical discourse in our time were as honestly conducted and as rich in individual insights as Mr. Tate's, all of us who are engaged or interested in literature would know much more clearly just where we were.

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U. S. A. *Ever since Hannah Mather Crocker, Boston widow and mother of ten, published her "Observations on the Real Rights of Women" in 1818, literature pressing for social reform and the rights of minorities has been one of the most fruitful facets of American writing. Since Mrs. Crocker's day, the female sex has nearly lost its position as a minority and, thanks in part to works such as hers, women have achieved great social gains. Now, as the books reviewed below attest, new minorities and new problems are exciting socially minded writers. Albert Deutsch's "The Shame of the States" deals with the 500,000 persons requiring treatment for mental ills; Roi Ottley's "Black Odyssey" describes the plight of one of America's oldest minorities, its twelve million Negroes; while Beatrice Griffith's "American Me" discusses a new and seldom considered minority, our three million Spanish-speaking Americans.*

Are Psychotics People?

THE SHAME OF THE STATES. By Albert Deutsch. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 188 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

CONDITIONS in state mental hospitals are "the shame of the states." Unfortunately the people of the states are not sufficiently ashamed. They are not sufficiently informed. They should rise up and organize, insisting on proper, adequate care and treatment of the mentally ill and the mentally deficient in state institutions. For mental patients are people, too. Such is the general thesis of this crusading book.

The picture which the author draws is vivid enough, though pretty black, with infrequent dabs of contrasting white. It is largely selective of bad conditions. The evils described range widely through a long catalogue: the plant (old, outdated buildings, and even some new ones, that are unsuited to modern methods of helping patients get well, and some that are decrepit, vermin-infested, fire-hazardous); serious overcrowding and equally serious under-staffing (too few doctors, nurses, social workers, and other personnel, many of them ill-paid and ill-qualified); too little use of the special therapies; not least, the poor food, poorly prepared and served (too few dietitians and good cooks); and back of all this, which is only a sampling of the evils, political machinations, legislative ignorance, niggardly appropriations, and public indifference.

Dr. Karl A. Menninger, eminent psychiatrist, in his introduction to this book, spares the reviewer the necessity of saying:

> In his efforts to make clear the seriousness of the situation in *most* state hospitals, I am afraid that Mr. Deutsch has not made it sufficiently clear that there are numerous state hospitals where every effort is being made to do what should be done, where there are adequate numbers of staff doctors and fairly adequate numbers of nurses and aides, where no patient is abused or neglected, and where most patients are given personal consideration and the treatment considered best for their particular conditions. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware are outstanding in this respect, and have made a sustained effort to achieve the goal of a modern, progressive state hospital system.

The book is made up mostly of pieces written for the New York newspaper *PM* and its successor the *Star*, over the past seven or eight years, plus a few brief and less journalistic pieces. The newspaper pieces tell of conditions in hospitals located chiefly in the more progressive states, with the idea apparently that this selection would make the stories more shocking and impressive. Mr. Deutsch may be averse to making invidious comparisons on a geographical basis, but not from making the most of shortcomings left over from a record of past and continuing progress. He mentions, however, that the protagonist-patient of "The Snake Pit," in spite of her distressing experience, was helped to get well in one of the hospitals he excoriates. He finds another place "where patients get the breaks." There are notable anachronisms in the newspaper pieces even in the revision of copy for book publication. One is dubious, too, of not a few cited cases of so-called "neglect"—a matter of interpretation.

The impression conveyed that state mental hospitals in general are bad places is far from correct. The evils enumerated by Mr. Deutsch exist, but not all of them in every place. He asked Dr. Samuel W. Hamilton, "who has surveyed more mental hospitals than any other expert," if he could name "the best" state mental hospital he had seen. Dr. Hamilton's reply should be pondered more carefully than his questioner seems to have done. Though he couldn't say with certainty which, if any, state hospital is "the best" in the country, he pointed out that one hospital has a fine staff and an outstanding treatment program, while its physical plant is very poor; another has an excellent plant and good equipment, but a mediocre professional staff; and he went on to speak of several others, excellent in some respects, deficient in some. "None of them is perfect. They aren't

—*From the book.*

Ward for female "disturbed" patients at Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital as sketched by Eric Godal immediately after a personal inspection.

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all wholly black, or entirely white. True, as Mr. Deutsch says, not a single state hospital meets *all* (italics supplied by the reviewer) the minimum standards of the American Psychiatric Association, but many are doing good work under handicaps. True, also, it isn't good enough, and in many instances not anywhere near good enough.

This would have been a better book if it had been written with a better balance between the good and the bad conditions in mental hospitals, and if there had been more emphasis on the problems of the hospitals and their administrators. Note might have been taken of the failures of the community in one way of preventing state hospital cases and the undue burdens thereby imposed. Also, of the variety of administrative systems under which the mental hospitals are operated in different states, in some of which the hope of rapid or radical improvement in the hospitals is vain until the system is so changed as to provide for professional non-political administration, with due authority.

The book contains thirty-two pages of photographs, pleasant and unpleasant, usually the latter.

Raymond G. Fuller has directed research for state mental-hygiene programs in such states as New York, Connecticut, and Ohio, has served with the Mental Hygiene Division, U. S. Public Health Service, and is co-author of books on mental health.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 287

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 287 will be found in the next issue.

YNFFNV KJF I UFVHCO ENCAN

'VHJCR FBN FHK HE FBN

AQGEE, FBIC IC ILYJQICAN

RHSC GC FBN XIQQNZ.—

PHUNKB LIQGCU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 286

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says.
—THOMAS ALDRICH.

A Homesickness and a Long Wandering

BLACK ODYSSEY: The Story of the Negro in America. By Roi Ottley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 340 pp. $3.50.

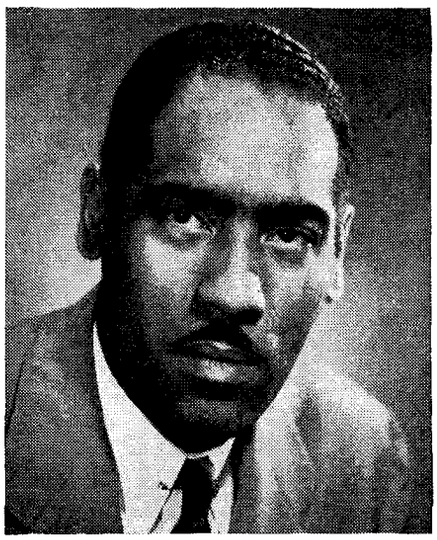
Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THIS is the story of a homesickness and a long wandering—a homesickness and a wandering not yet ended, but, we hope, nearing its end. It is heartening to see the whole story in perspective, for it tells of the white man as well as of the black. Here is the story of a black race that, through all the generations of white brutality, kept the core of its humanhood sound —a race that, in spite of cruelties and disappointments, has doggedly plodded along toward the homeland of the spirit. But here, too, is the story of a white race that, avid of profit, equipped with power, and forgetful of its pieties, turned its own humanhood into an ugly thing; a white race, however, that has been moving out of its perversion into a new soundness of spirit. Because this book describes an Odyssey—of whites as well as of blacks—it has the hopefulness that attaches to life wherever it is going somewhere. The black man is moving on; the white man is moving on. Some day they will be moving abreast.

This is the kind of material that does not get into the history textbooks, mostly because history textbooks are written about broad sweeps of history. They tell us about the Civil War, about the emancipation of the slaves, about the carpetbagging period, and so on; but, in the brevity of their telling, they keep these great movements of life impersonal. Young people, therefore, who read history in the schools, are not brought to a deep understanding of what has happened in their culture. They do not learn to feel the passionate struggle of life to free itself into life; nor do they see their own culture, as in this peculiar part, an effort to keep life from finding its way into life.

Someday we shall write this whole misbegotten episode of white supremacy frankly and unashamedly into our textbooks so that our children may look upon this perverted thing with a complete astonishment. The day when that can be done is surely approaching. The whole tenor of Roi Ottley's book is that "the strong men" —black and white—"keep coming on," and that the cherished time of man's humanity to man is nearer.

The strength of this book lies in its complete absence of passionate pleading. It is a straight, factual account of what has been happening in



—*Glidden.*

Roi Ottley: "The strong men keep coming on."

our American world, to Negroes and to whites, for well-nigh 300 years—ever since 1664, when Maryland became the first colony to legalize slavery. The factual data are packed with interest because invariably they involve the fate of particular human beings. But these reports are always more than mere recitals of events. The book, in fact might be called a study in the maturing of a culture. Negroes were forced by their American white oppressors to remain immature. These oppressors, in turn, by the very exercise of their oppressive powers, became fixated in their own peculiar moral and spiritual infantilisms. The history of the last 300 years — and particularly of the years since the beginning of World War II—has been the history of the slow maturing of the American whites to a sense of their moral responsibilities; and of the American blacks to a releasing of their human powers.

> The Negro's eyes are lifted to the hills [writes Ottley] . . . the removal of the "For Whites Only" sign from many jobs, places of amusement, schools, and public institutions, is beginning to choke off his loudest quarrel—at least in many sections of the North. His new freedom has given him personal dignity and opportunities for creative expression beyond the slum corrals, and indeed opened a new world to him. . . .
>
> The signs of the times have made the Negro hopeful, more so than at any period in history. This is not to say that he is not distressed by the forty-odd lynchings in the three years following World War II. But for one thing, the legend of the Negro's "place" is swiftly tumbling into the limbo of legends, shattering the traditional outlook of white and black alike.

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Mexican Bundle of Myths

AMERICAN ME. By Beatrice Griffith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CAREY MCWILLIAMS

AMERICAN public opinion has become aware of certain large minority elements in the population —the true facts about them and their place in the general scheme of things —through a process of gradual recognition. This process resembles that by which novel objects and scenes are photographed, with each successive "shot" sharpening the image and bringing out details previously ignored. As layer after layer of unpardonable ignorance and purposeful confusion is removed, the various minority elements come to be seen or recognized for the first time. Today the Negro minority may be said to have finally broken through this mist of ignorance and superstition. With other groups, however, the process of recognition has been slower, perhaps because most of the investigating has been done by "outsiders." Our Spanish-speaking minority, numbering around 3,000,000, can be placed in this category. One of the largest ethnic minorities in America, it is the furtherest removed from a general recognition, an informed awareness.

But, even with this group, the process of recognition has been at work for some years. It began, one might say, with the unexcelled investigations of Dr. Paul S. Taylor of the University of California. Since Dr. Taylor's monographs of the Twenties, other chapters have been written, notably "Forgotten People," by Dr. George I. Sanchez, and "Not With the Fist," by Dr. Ruth D. Tuck. To this list of clarifying and myth-dispelling investigations, Beatrice Griffith has now added an important chapter with her "stories and studies" of Mexican-American youngsters in Los Angeles, more particularly the much maligned *pachucos* and *pachucas* of Chavez Ravine and The Hollow, of Happy Valley and Belvedere.

In making this investigation, Miss Griffith has used a method which, by combining fact and fiction, is both interesting and effective. The book contains thirteen stories about *pachucos*. These stories are very good indeed and constitute an excellent collection of "photographs" of Mexican-American youth. Each of the stories is followed up with a factual statement, in general descriptive terms, of the background from which the story stems. The heart of the book, however, is to be found in the stories which dramatize the conflicts and tensions in the emotional life of the American-born generation. These stories are told from the inside out, as the youngsters would tell them, with their emphasis and in their words. For any outsider to have gotten so close to these youngsters, to have been able to see and hear and feel their world as Miss Griffith has done, is indeed a remarkable achievement. Since we have yet to receive an autobiography or novel written by a member of the American-born generation, these stories probably come as close to conveying the reality of the experience of this generation as anything in print today. In this sense, therefore, Miss Griffith's "photographs" and "recordings" can be said to represent an important contribution to the process by which Mexican-Americans are winning a recognition, an awareness of their existence, of the fact that they, too, are Americans.

What this particular "photograph" lacks is a sense of time and place, of history and geography. Here Mexican-American youngsters are seen as actors on a stage from which all the props and stage settings have been removed. The experience of the second-generation is related to a long history apart from which such events as the zoot-suit riots of 1943 cannot be fully understood. The geographical setting is, also, of major importance. The zoot-suit riots did not occur in Kalamazoo; they took place in one of the oldest settlements of the old Spanish borderlands. The absence of this sense of time and place, however, is largely offset by the vividness with which Miss Griffith projects the subjects of her stories upon the screen of Anglo-American consciousness.

From this process of recognition we are gradually acquiring a composite portrait or photograph of the Mexican-American minority. Since there are still many gaps in the available information, the completion of the portrait will be deferred for some years and certainly until we begin to get some direct expression from the group itself. With the publication of "American Me" and the publication of Dr. Ruth Landes's non-fiction study of the same subject matter, now scheduled for 1949, one of the largest gaps in the available factual material will have been closed. Long existing in an unexplored, peripheral segment of American life, Mexican-Americans are now being *seen* for the first time. As this process of recognition is extended, they will gradually come into the full focus of national attention. Once this has happened the "Mexican Problem"—that strange bundle of myths, ignorance, and folklore—will cease to agitate Anglo-Americans in the Southwest.

". . . another report card, another scene at home."

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Fiction. *The strange charm of Victorian life for modern readers is well illustrated in one of the novels reviewed below, Emily Eden's "The Semi-Detached House." The simple device of moving a titled young lady from the aristocratic background of her parents to a cosy but commonplace semi-detached dwelling in an unfashionable suburb of London, provide the author the kind of story that Jane Austen would have enjoyed. Here we have the combined charm of social satire and pleasant escape into a lost world that seems in comparison to our day to be tranquil, secure. and spacious. Even the class conflict in the novel is without the shrill note or menace of war, to which we are accustomed. It would be hard to find a greater contrast to this charming literary interlude than James Gordon's "Escape from Vermont," in which presumably sturdy New Englanders are presented in the terms of a Northern "Tobacco Road," or Nard Jones' "The Island," about the traffickers in war contracts and profits a few years ago. Today if you wish truly to escape you must go forward into fantasy or backward into the long Victorian peace.*

Lady Chester in Suburbia

THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE. By Emily Eden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated by Susanne Suba. 1948. 216 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

LIKING Emily Eden's work is probably just as much a form of escape reading as a fondness for detective stories, and it is certainly as special a taste. Indeed it could be said to be the reverse of the Whodunit medal. In one we escape from our ordinary routine by means of crime and violence into the world of newspaper headlines, mystery, and Cops Nab Thugs! In the other we retreat into an equally remote world of calm and tranquility, a restful harking back to the past. The Victorian age is here in all its security and charm.

This, like its companion and predecessor, is a period piece and it will please the same people who liked "The Semi-Attached Couple" last year. It is perhaps a little slighter but the tone is much the same. A great deal is made of the world-shaking fact that young, attractive Lady Chester moves to suburban Dulham to live in a semi-detached house which at first she scorns. Her "fastidious nature" is annoyed at the idea of having vulgar neighbors so nearby. The theme as usual is wound around snobbery. We meet pushing Baroness Sampson, whose social climbing is frowned upon by the elect. Then there is the ever-present question of marrying off daughters which seemed to be a constant preoccupation in those days.

There are several excellent minor characterizations: gloomy Mr. Willis; good-hearted, lump Mrs. Hopkinson; Dr. Ayscough, who never heard the words psychosomatic illness but who certainly knew one when he saw it. There is a good deal of acute observation, quite a bit of humor, and some wonderfully English expressions like "a summer house, half trellis and half ear-wigs." There is also, I regret to say, a touch of race prejudice but it does not stand out particularly, being part and parcel of so much snobbery.

Though Emily Eden is not in the same class with the incomparable Jane Austen (she was a great admirer of hers, a disciple in fact) her work partakes of the same temporal climate. The Suba pictures are delightful, and in key.

—From "The Semi-Detached House."

This preserves the charm of the Victorian age, both its virtues and its vices. It has to a marked degree its restful quality. It also has its artificiality, its constant preoccupation with "station." Unlike the Whodunit form of escape, this makes good bedside reading and is guaranteed not to give the reader nightmares but to soothe him gently. It is too bad, as a jacket note says, that "no publisher's tea can introduce Miss Emily in person." She would be fun to see and, being so well connected, she might fit very well into this Sitwellian season.

Bypassed by War

THE ISLAND. By Nard Jones. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 399 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THERE have been a good many books written about the problems of the returned fighting man, his sense of being lost in a world whose values are no longer real to him, his feeling of futility and confusion, his bitter and cynical disillusion. Nard Jones, in his new novel, describes another group of men who felt themselves out of place and out of touch with reality, that generation which grew up in the Twenties, who had been too young for the first war and who were too old for active duty in the second, who got into uniform but found themselves behind desks at home, possessors of *ersatz* rank and prestige, bit players in a drama whose real action passed them by.

In "The Island" Mr. Jones tells the stories of a few of these men against the background of war years. There is Lou Benedict, the narrator, who was not easily able to deceive himself about the unimportance of his role as public relations man for the Navy. There is Art Menske, who had a radio program whose chief purpose was to glorify himself as a dispenser of sentimentalized ballyhoo and contrived human-interest programs. There is Jack Madcliff, an old schoolmate of Benedict's, also a public relations man.

The personal relationship of these men to each other is part of a complicated plot which Mr. Jones has woven through the book as a backdrop to the real theme, which is a bitter appraisal, through Lou Benedict's

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eyes, of the scene on the home front during the first years of the war, an expose of the hucksters of the war effort, and a less justifiable criticism of the Aleutian campaign.

In 1942 the Japanese were in the Aleutians. Lou Benedict muses:

> The war was closer, no question of that, but still it was not real. Certainly it was not real enough for the workers at the Boeing plant who struck. It was not real enough for those people in Washington whose business it was to make it seem real with posters and pictures and slogans, and doctored news releases, and radio talks. So many things seemed important to so many people that I began to get a horrible feeling that there were things they cared about more than the end of the war, more than the end of the killing . . . something told me that it was not the hatred and cruelty and killing that were the worst parts of the war, because those things belong to war, they are expected and encouraged. Far worse were the cupidity, the greed and ignorance, the little jealousies and the jockeying for position—all the weedy, scrawny by-products of the primary product of war.

There is reason for righteous indignation about the organized theatricality, the prostitution of real emotion. Yet however righteous some of this book's indignation is, Mr. Jones is not quite justified in his criticism of what he evidently considers the Navy's fumbling and wasted energy in the Aleutian campaign. To imply that the Kiska landing was in the opinion of some of the high-ranking officials an anti-climax and a fiasco because there were no Japanese on the island when our men landed is to give a false perspective to the overall picture.

Mr. Jones has gotten a lot off his chest. He writes a spare, concise, hard-hitting prose, and much of his book I found admirable. But the sound of the axe grinding rings rather unpleasantly in my ears.

Green Mt. Bad Boys

ESCAPE FROM VERMONT. By James Gordon. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 212 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS FOSTER

PROBABLY no state in the Union has been so much a victim of its friends as Vermont. Writers who have poured into the state and, after a brief stay, have felt compelled to explain the charms of Vermont to the natives and the reading public have created an idyllic misconception about Vermonters. The sentimental writers have invented and embellished what expert cameramen could not capture with their lenses for picture books. According to them, the native Vermonters are unique, rugged individualists who thriftily till their picturesque hill farms. These Vermonters are also eloquently taciturn (patterned after Calvin Coolidge), and their conversation is filled with epigrams, pungent remarks, and constant references to Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys. Inheriting the traits of dissenting pioneers, they have a puritanical cast of character and are invariably stolid, frugal, fearless, dryly humorous, indefatigible workers. Oh yes, the writers often mention the quaint fact that there are more cows than people in Vermont.

Vermont had no indigenous novelist able to do for it what Ellen Glasgow did so superlatively for tidewater Virginia. Lacking a writer of such incisive wit, yet sympathetic understanding of the people, Vermont easily became the victim of writers who created a synthetic state and peopled it with artificial characters. Exceptions that come to mind are Sinclair Lewis in "It Can't Happen Here," Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and especially the poet Robert Frost, who has seen Vermont with a truer and steadier vision than most of the prose writers.

It was therefore inevitable that a writer should come along who would attempt to restore the balance, as Mr. Gordon tries to do in this novel. With heavyhanded vengeance, he has created a group of people so antithetical to former fictional Vermonters that the reader will have to turn to Caldwell to find characters so devoid of sensitivity, so mean, deceitful, dishonest, and lecherous. Unlike many Caldwell characters, however, these are rarely humorous. Gordon has so overweighted the scales that his puppets hang there heavily, leadenly.

"Escape from Vermont" is an episodic tale laid in the late 1920's, covering two or three years in the life of the putative narrator, a fourteen-year-old farm boy. The many activities that make up a farm year, along with thieving, church picnics, hunting, horseracing, and even murder, are used by the author more for depiction of characters than for dramatic action. Grandpa, "rich as sin and as mean as a suitcase full of Simon Legrees," hated by his grandson, the narrator, and feared and obeyed by his grown sons and daughters, was a mighty factor in the community. He controlled mortgages, owned the sawmill, and in many devious ways exercised power for his own selfish ends. Grandma, who hadn't spoken to her tyrannical husband for years, was as warped and gnarled as the rest. Furthermore, she was a poor cook. The numerous uncles and aunts, victims no doubt of heredity and environment, were pretty mean and incompetent, too. Even the narrator seems to be unobservant and callous to a singular degree for a country boy. In one instance, he speaks of a swift darting down to pick at grain in the early spring, though any country boy knows that swifts are insect-eating birds that arrive only with warm weather. Other lapses, too, will strain the credulity of the reader with some intimate experience of farm life.

There is wonderful material in Vermont for a satirical novel, and the reviewer sympathizes with Mr. Gordon's attempt to write it. But he must report that "Escape from Vermont" is not that novel. The field is still wide open.

Jackson's Whites

SOMETHING GLEAMED. By Theda Kenyon. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1948. 374 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

THE pitiful cargoes of women brought to this country for "the comfort" of the British soldiers during the Revolution—the contract for delivery of 3,500 of them at two pounds each on landing having been signed with the London War Office by a mysterious individual known as Jackson —inspired Miss Kenyon's newest historical novel. "Jackson's Whites," as they were called, were to have been recruited from the obvious sources; when the supply ran low it was sometimes necessary to shanghai more respectable women to fill the quota.

From the terrible compound in Lispenard's Meadow, where they were locked along with "Jackson's blacks," women hastily brought from the West

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Indies when a rotten ship from England foundered and sank with all its miserable passengers, these unfortunates escaped only when Washington and his victorious army entered New York and the stockade was broken down in the riotous celebration.

Miss Kenyon's story of the gently-born Dorcas Spencer, seized and carried to Jackson's waiting ship when, in the hope of delivering a message to her sister's discarded lover as he sailed for military service in the Colonies, she ventured into the streets of London alone; of her terrible voyage and hideous ordeal in Lispenard's Meadow; of her meeting with Roger Von Zweig, a young, Eton-educated Hessian officer, moves through some of the most stirring chapters of the American Revolution. Von Zweig is captured and, held prisoner in a rebel household, learns something of the fortitude, the dream of freedom which they are determined to make reality, of these people whom he has been paid to fight. His subsequent adventures, Dorcas's precarious existence after she manages to escape from the compound, are sketched against the ever-dramatic background of a Revolution nearing its victorious end. As Washington and his staff enter New York, the lovers are reunited.

That Miss Kenyon has been at pains to make this a well-documented and entirely accurate historical novel no one will dispute. But, in Ellen Glasgow's words, "a universe of ideas divides the novel bearing a sincere emotion toward life from the novel that depends upon a sterile convention." Admiration for the colonists' desire for liberty is the only emotion we can identify in "Something Gleamed," and while that might supply an essay it does not suffice for really good fiction. While we may think, as we would before a careful painting, "This is the way it must have been," never have we the illusion of moving with the characters through the dangers and excitements of the rebellious colonies.

Christmas Eve

By Jean Burden

PONDEROUS in time,
and motionless,
this night is loud with more than
weather,
more than bells.

Tonight all wind is measured
by a sigh;
all storm by ancient wish
upblown
between the olive trees;

and a Child's cry.

Exotic Cultures. *Time was when the thoughts of Americans fed up with their workaday lot drifted to the romantic world supposed to exist in the Pacific Isles. A good many such dreams were shattered during World War II, when soldiers and sailors had to face actuality in the Pacific paradises. But these wartime experiences did create for many a more realistic interest in that part of the world—an interest J. C. Furnas undertakes to appease in his often informative, ever entertaining "Anatomy of Paradise," reviewed below. . . . For most of us, Africa below the Mediterranean coast still remains the "dark continent." "The World of Albert Schweitzer," also reviewed here, illumines the culture of French Equatorial Africa and the career of the versatile genius who has worked among the natives there for three decades.*

Westernized Pacific Islanders

ANATOMY OF PARADISE. By J. C. Furnas. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 542 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

AMERICANS, to paraphrase Mr. Dooley, have long been intent upon doing the Pacific Islanders good even if they had to break every bone in their bodies. In this sizable but by no means heavy volume, J. C. Furnas tackles the large task of describing what Western civilization has done to the islands of the Pacific and they to us. It's a large and complicated story, but Mr. Furnas handles it with a gusto which is refreshing and with a wide acquaintance both in reading and first-hand experience which makes him worth listening to.

Taking as his scope all the islands from Hawaii south to New Zealand and from Easter Island off South America to the Palaus off the Philippines, Mr. Furnas manages to stuff into his book an amazing amount of information about the history, customs, and economy of this vast territory. Yet he is never in too much of a hurry to tell a good story—of which he has uncovered many, from circumstantial accounts of cannibalism to what the chief's wife did when the missionary refused to accept her husband's invitation to take her as his bedfellow. The light touch, the popular style are to be commended. There is no reason why books about alien cultures should be dull.

Even Mr. Furnas's enthusiasm and learning cannot disguise the fact, though, that you simply cannot cover so varied an area without leaving a great deal out. Twenty pages devoted to a brief overall picture of what one South Sea community is like—its way of living, playing, working — would have given the reader a handle by which to grasp all the other interesting things Mr. Furnas has to say. The pages could have been borrowed from the opening section where he is trying to decide just how he wants to get started.

With this one reservation out of the way, the rest is praise for a difficult job well done. Newspaper readers who are familiar with names like Palau, the Marshalls, the Solomons, rarely have a very clear idea what the places are like. Even Hawaii, though long a part of us, is still seen through a false haze of hula skirts and ukelele music. Mr. Furnas's picture of the islands is both hardheaded and sympathetic. His book should help to set the record straight.

The impact of Western civilization on the islanders is his main theme. He develops it from such early voyages of discovery as those of Cook and Vancouver to the Navy's present administration of Guam. Incidentally, on this issue Mr. Furnas is pro-Navy and anti-Ickes—on evidence insufficient to convince a reader. He covers the battle between whalers and the missionaries in which these two products of New England fought each other, with the natives in between, in many Pacific outposts. He reveals some of the more disgraceful episodes of the story, such as the regime of the French priest Laval in the Gambiers. He stops for capsule biographies of such characters as Bully Hayes, whose depredations and marriages were committed on a grand scale. He traces our role in the Pacific from Mahan's frank imperialism down to our present involvement in the Mariannas, the Marshalls, the Samoas, and cites the understandable reluctance of natives who have profited from our presence to see their islands turned back to the French or British. Mr. Furnas believes in a strong string of trans-Pacific

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bases. Yet he points out that strategically we could well withdraw from many of the islands where we now occupy.

For Western civilization to withdraw from the places it has entered, however, would result in "a hundred years of abject poverty and shattering disintegration." Mr. Furnas recommends an international guardianship over all islands and parts of islands "not actually required for national military reservations"—by which he chiefly means ours.

The book concludes with a debunking of literature about the South Seas and an attack on those social scientists who praise the native cultures for traits they would condemn in the DAR. Paradoxically, Mr. Furnas creates the impression he wants to destroy—of a languorous, oversexed life which, by contrast with atom bombs and rampant nationalism, has much to recommend it. This happens because he likes the people he writes about and has a gift for writing well about them.

But I wish that, instead of simply assuming our right to military bases across six thousand miles of ocean ironically labeled Pacific, Mr. Furnas had discussed its bearing on the present international stalemate.

Bradford Smith, author of "Americans from Japan," published last year by Lippincott, has traveled widely in the Pacific Island area.

Natives and Le Grand Docteur

THE AFRICA OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER. By Charles R. Joy and Melvin Arnold. New York: Harper & Bros. Boston: The Beacon Press. 1948. Unpaged. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

DR. JOY'S Schweitzer anthology, published about a year ago, won *le grand docteur* many new admirers, and delighted his old ones. Now Dr. Joy, accompanied by a publisher friend, has voyaged to Lambarene himself. For several weeks they were privileged to share the daily life and labors of the unique man who, more than thirty years ago, renounced the great fame he had won in Europe as a scholar and musician to serve suffering mankind where succor is needed most. They talked to him and heard him talk to his dark-skinned brothers; they saw him in his "St. Francis-like attachment to animals"; they listened to his nocturnal Bach recitals ringing out into the wilderness, and attended his unorthodox Sunday services, and they watched the strange world of French Equatorial Africa and discerned, as though with Schweitzer's own eyes, its beauty and some of its burning problems.

The volume of pictures which resulted from this pilgrimage owes its impressiveness to the unassuming, almost humble approach of the photographer rather than to any studied artfulness. The text is not overly well arranged and is occasionally repetitive. The awkward typographical method employed—page-filling picture captions, whose type doesn't differ from that of the running narrative and interrupts it at every other page—is an additional handicap to the enjoyment of what, such shortcomings notwithstanding, is still an inspiring book.

Its greatest interest lies in the glimpses it offers of the *indigènes* and their relationship to Albert Schweitzer. Asked what the hospital means to them, the chief of the district said: "It means everything! It is a kind of salvation for them. But, alas, they don't know it. They know nothing of the kind of disinterested, unselfish generosity that Dr. Schweitzer represents."

The education Dr. Schweitzer advocates in the paper contributed to this book ("Our Task in Colonial Africa") emphasizes the necessity of educating the natives, before all, to the idea of neighborliness. That notion is as foreign to them as, for instance, the concept of work as a manly virtue. Practically all work is done by women, whose servitude is "balanced by extraordinary freedoms." The crude superstitions of their aged and ageless society still live in an uneasy symbiosis with the message *le grand docteur* has brought them.

There is no end to the material and psychological difficulties his medical work encounters. The authors describe an average day at the hospital, inserting here and there historical flashbacks replete with anecdotes as told by Schweitzer, and succeed well in conveying to us much of the atmosphere that surrounds the septuagenarian, and some of the great happiness within him.

The biographical sketch is short, perhaps a little too short. On one point the authors have misunderstood Dr. Schweitzer. Talking of his father's parish at Günsbach, Alsace—a place they visited after their return from Africa—they state that "Catholics and Protestants worshipped together" in the church of that village. Actually, the building was, and still is, used by both congregations at different times every Sunday, with the priest saying mass in the choir, and the pastor preaching in the nave. Dr. Seaver's Schweitzer biography makes both that fact and its curious historical background quite clear.

—From "The Africa of Albert Sweitzer."

". . . a kind of salvation for them."

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History. *Many citizens whose schooldays are behind them look back on the courses they "took" in history with remorse and recollected anguish. "I wish I'd paid more attention to it," they say, "it would help me understand what is going on today! But I never could remember all those dates!" As Professor Mattingly points out below in reviewing "Men and Centuries of European Civilization," historians are well aware of these grievances. They are attempting to write textbooks that are not encyclopedic, but will incite interest in the past. One of the most favored approaches is the biographical. However, as Bolitho's "Reign of Queen Victoria" suggests, the personalities to be studied must be chosen with care. Victoria did not shape events. To understand the era to which she gave her name, one must read other lives.*

—*From the book jacket.*

Symbol of English Imperialism

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Hector Bolitho. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 437 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE modern stereotype of Queen Victoria, impressed upon our minds by Lytton Strachey in a remarkable study, and scarcely modified by E. F. Benson in a subsequent opus, is probably not susceptible of much further change. As her early twentieth-century biographers have drawn her, so will Queen Victoria remain. That wonderful collection of state papers—"The Letters of Queen Victoria"—continues to insist that her public life was governed by her attraction or repulsion to certain remarkable men—Lord Melbourne in the early stages; Prince Albert and Palmerston in the middle ones; and Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, and Bismarck in the latter years.

Her private life falls into five periods. As Lehzen's pupil, she was a little Hanoverian princess, the innocent white hope of the Radicals. As Melbourne's pupil, she was the last and not the least remarkable survivor of the English Regency. As Albert's wife, she embodied an admixture of prose and passion so odd and so strong that no biographer with any respect for facts would attempt an interpretation other than the one she herself offered so freely in her journals and letters. Then came ten years of neurotic widowhood. And from these in turn emerged the great woman who was charmed out of her grief by the cajoleries of Disraeli and who, with her aristocratic manners and her middle-class propensities, lived to be the very symbol of English imperialism.

She sat so firmly in the middle of nineteenth-century English history, subjected her intelligence to so much information, and encountered such a diversity of forceful and important persons, that it is hard to realize how little effect she had upon the actual course of events. Once she and Albert had failed to inject into English constitutional life an element of irresponsible, paternalistic power, there was nothing more to be done. Her submersion in detail, her subjection to a series of great ministers, the very change in the character of British imperialism, made her unaware of two significant facts: that she was not the ruler of England, and that she had not the vaguest idea who the real rulers were. She could not, for example, even have guessed at the nature of the complex forces which received their outward expression in figures like Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes.

Such is the Queen Victoria whom we know, or whom we think we know. And such she is, willy-nilly, in Mr. Bolitho's book, though Mr. Bolitho's book is written in the somewhat rosy manner of one whose veneration for royalty in general, and for British royalty in particular, is beyond dispute. Mr. Bolitho's additions to the Victorian story would be more easily isolated if he had stated more clearly the sources of much of his material and whether or not this material was being used for the first time. The additions of most interest appear to fall in four categories:

(1) Mr. Bolitho prints, in their original and amended versions, the significant paragraphs of the British Government's dispatch to the United States after the Trent affair of 1861. As we all know, the dispatch in its original form was tantamount to a declaration of war; as amended by the Prince Consort on his deathbed, it gave Lincoln's government a chance to retreat from a difficult situation. Reading the two texts, we are reminded once again of the extraordinarily ambiguous attitude which the British Government assumed towards the Northern states during the critical years of the Civil War; and also of the fact that Albert, whatever his shortcomings, was an intelligent and high-minded man.

(2) Mr. Bolitho has taken great pains to unearth the true identity of Madame St. Laurent, the Duke of Kent's mistress, and the heroine (or victim) of the Duke's famous and horribly comic interview with Mr. Creevey.

(3) Mr. Bolitho tells, with considerable charm, the romantic story of Albert's pretty mother.

(4) Certain minor corrections and embellishments: as, for example, that it was Prince Arthur and not Lord Beaconsfield who proposed the Queen's health at the dinner celebrating her new style of Empress of India; and that the Queen, in her later years, once sang "Little Buttercup" to her ladies-in-waiting.

In short, these are garnishings to a dish which might be described as Royalty *rechauffé; rechauffé* perhaps more to the Queen's taste than ours.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 769)

EDITH HAMILTON:
THE GREEK WAY

It is not men's greed, nor their ambition, nor yet their machines, it is not even the removal of their ancient landmarks, that is filling our present world with turmoil . . . but our new vision of the individual's claim against the majority's.

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The Continent in Capsule

MEN AND CENTURIES OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. By Louise Fargo Brown and George B. Carson, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 628 pp. $6.25.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE greatest virtue of this introductory college text in European history is its basic assumption that history cannot be learned from textbooks. If students are to learn anything worth learning about Western history they must bathe in the great stream of its tradition, study its poets and sages and orators, and grapple with the minds of those who have truly grappled with its meaning. Gallantly assuming that all this can be done "in the limited time at a student's disposal," these authors conclude that in such an attempt the textbook must absorb only a little time, offering the student "only those facts which today are generally recognized as essential," stimulating his curiosity about the past, and generally serving as a guide, not an encyclopedia. Probably they have noticed that the axerage text surveying European history provides almost all that freshmen can be induced to read for the course, and more than many can be expected to retain. Instead of two encyclopedic tomes, therefore, they offer a single, attractively printed volume, not too heavy in the hand, containing an account of some of the principal historical facts about each century of European history from the fourth and fifth to the twentieth, followed by sketches of two or three representative men of the century, followed by excerpts from these men's writings or related documents.

The idea is attractive. The arrangement by centuries does help establish chronology and should somewhat decrease the willingness of students to date the "Divine Comedy" at 1321 or 1231 or 1132 by the mental toss of a coin. Grouping most of the exposition around representative individuals is a happy thought. Most people learn (and remember) history best through biography; after all history is what happened to and through individuals. And the source material included gives the whole a reassuring air of sound scholarship. Of course the compression is pretty severe. The essential facts of European history plus some items of thirty-three biographies have to be crammed into about 400 moderate-sized pages, leaving room for maps, tables, and illustrations. Inevitably some facts that some people would think essential get left out, and others get distorted or left hanging loose. Inevitably, too, some are trivial and some are wrong. But the authors have gone about their task with alert scholarship and literary tact, and considering the difficulties it's amazing how much they have managed to get in and get right while still avoiding a cramped and crabbed textbook style. The thirty-three individuals selected often have the merit of freshness. The choice of Franklin, for instance, to represent the Enlightenment is pleasant, though as the only speaker for the age between Newton and Napoleon, the only secular philosopher of the thirty-three, and the only revolutionist except Lenin, he has a heavy weight to carry, and only about four pages of his writings in which to carry it. It's in the excerpts that space pinches the tightest. What will a freshman make of Dante from half a dozen short unannotated extracts? Or of Newton's "Principia" from two and a half pages? Or of Darwin and Jean Jaurès, sole representative of the nineteenth century, from three pages each?

Of course, according to plan, these are only samples. Students will be expected to read much more than this, following the up-to-date reading lists at the end of each chapter. One may hope that the plan will always be carried out. But the sad fact is that these bits and snips of the classics would not be here if the publisher did not know that most college libraries today are unequal to putting copies of even the most famous and familiar books into the hands of all the freshman class within any given month. In a college with an adequate library, with an adequate staff, and with students adequately prepared to do the collateral reading, this textbook would provide a stimulating guide for study. But in such a college any textbook except perhaps an encyclopedic compendium of facts for ready reference would really be unnecessary. The colleges that have to lean heavily on textbooks for freshman history are those now trying to deal with three or four times as many students as they should, and finding those students far less well prepared in European history than normal past expectation. For such colleges (they are many) to adopt a textbook which reduces the facts of European history to a mere film of general information, at the same time providing homeopathic capsules of collateral reading within the same covers, would be just a tacit admission of defeat.

"Fine! Now turn around and let me test your eyes!"

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Amy Loveman, Secretary

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A Boston Publisher in Action

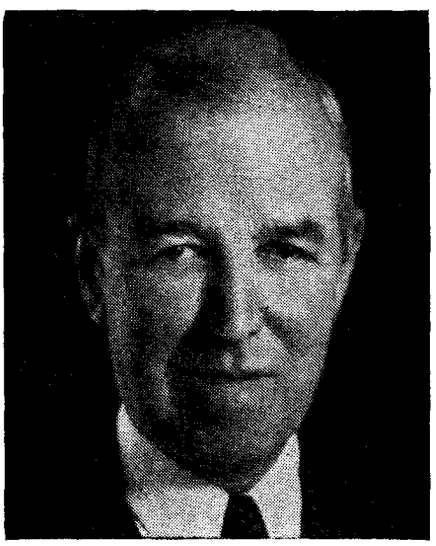
EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL's *guest editorial this week was written by Edward Weeks, editor of* The Atlantic Monthly, *for many years a business associate and close friend of the late Alfred R. McIntyre of Little, Brown & Co.*

HE was slender, remarkably erect and wiry; you registered these impressions as you responded to his smile. It was the wide smile of a strong jaw, a jaw which could set with a Scotch tenacity that was not stubbornness. He was diffident, painfully so; yet it was his daily ordeal to screw up his moral courage and walk out of his shyness to be his forthright self. The eyes were level and inquiring; as he came to meet you—and you an author, or editor, or fellow publisher—he was readying himself for your particular problem. I never knew him to generalize, which is so often the lazy way to evade; he had no evasion in him. I remember once talking to a young author who had come on to Boston after trying to place his work in New York. The unhappy man, recounting his failure, remarked, "When I told those publishers in New York how long my novel was and the problems I was struggling with in it, why they just turned and looked out the window." Alfred McIntyre never looked out the window; he looked at you.

The eyes, the smile, and the jaw—and as you came to know him, you watched his hands. They were thin-fingered and at times more expressive than his words. His hands would rise instinctively from the desk as his eyes lit up to a new possibility. I remember the sweep of his right hand, as if to wipe a slate clean, when with "Forget it. You can't always be right," he'd dismiss a problem we had been worrying at. And then there was another gesture, when he'd raise his hands breast high and suddenly drop them to the table in honest doubt—he didn't know the answer, we had made our investment and only time would tell. Because he was inherently shy, he was not given much to handshaking or shoulder-patting. But his hands talked.

I have stressed his tenacity. It is one of those rare qualities in publishing, the quality of holding on to an author and continuing to believe in him (and pay him his advance royalties) when, year after year, the public turns down each of his new books, unread. Few readers today realize that Alfred McIntyre published in succession four novels of C. S. Forester, "The Gun," "The Peacemaker," "The African Queen," "The General" (and they were good novels!), before Captain Horatio Hornblower came into port and was taken to everyone's bosom. The public may have forgotten that tenacity—if indeed they ever knew it—but not C. S. Forester.

When Little, Brown became the publishers of Evelyn Waugh, it was with the discouraging knowledge that no one of his four early novels had sold as many as 5,000 copies in this country. In its first year of publication (1929) "Decline and Fall" sold 1,546 copies; "Black Mischief" (1932), 2,630; "A Handful of Dust" (1934), 2,170. It took tenacity to make readers believe that this man Waugh was far better than the American public then realized. Year after year at our sales conferences I heard from identify the merits of those books; I can still catch the emphasis of his voice, the patience with which he sold those unestablished authors to the salesmen. The salesmen believed him. And years later, the public woke up to what he had perceived.



—*American Photo-News.*

Alfred R. McIntyre: "Forget it. You can't always be right."

WITH his tenacity went a friendliness, a friendliness deep and abiding despite his starched New England appearance at his office at 34 Beacon Street. His friendship with John Marquand is a perfect example. With his serials and his short stories, particularly his Mr. Moto stories, Mr. Marquand had risen to be one of the most popular and highest paid writers in the magazine field. His books had never attracted the reading public, but Marquand, who had begun as a novelist, went on thinking in terms of books and in 1935 he began to experiment with what was for him a new medium. He wanted to puncture the pompous ancester worship which afflicted some old Bostonians. He wanted to accentuate the changes in American living and to satirize his home state, Massachusetts, which he knew so well. For months he worked at this experiment, and when the book was about half done he showed it with honest misgivings to a friend in New York. The report he got back was flatly discouraging.

Marquand was deeply troubled and in his dilemma he wrote to his publisher who was also his friend, Alfred McIntyre. I am going to quote from that letter, and as you read it, please remember that the manuscript Mr. Marquand is talking about is "The Late George Apley."

> The last two months I have been working on a thing which I have often played with in the back of my mind, a satire on the life and letters of a Bostonian. I have now done some thirty or forty thousand words on it, and the other day showed it to a friend whose literary judgment I greatly respect, who feels it is a great pity for me to waste my time in going ahead with it. I suppose the most damning thing that can be said about the whole business is that I, personally, have enjoyed writing it, and think it is amusing, and think that it is a fairly accurate satire on Boston life. I certainly don't want to go ahead with the thing, however, if you don't think it holds any promise, and is not any good. Besides this, I do not, for purely artistic reasons, feel that the thing can be helped by any great changes such as injecting more plot, or by making the satire more marked. In other words, if it is not any good as it stands, I think I had better ditch it and turn my attention to something else. As this is the first time in a good many years that I have been in a position to write something which I really wanted to write, I naturally feel bad about it. I know you will tell me frankly

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just how it strikes you, and its fate rests largely in your hands. Tell me quickly.

McIntyre did tell him quickly. He said, "John, I think it is swell. I can't tell you whether it will sell more than 2,000 copies—it may be too highly specialized. But by all means, go ahead with it!" And again he was right in his discernment. A publisher is always compensated when his choice is vindicated by the public—partly in profits, partly in personal satisfaction. I am sure that Alfred's happiest compensation for the success of Apley came years later when, as the dedication for his new novel, "So Little Time," John Marquand wrote these affectionate words: "To Alfred McIntyre. In memory of all the trips we have taken together over the rough roads of fiction."

I remember the true story of the famous publisher who in the days when Boston had a monopoly of our best writers was scolded by his wife for bringing so many of his writers home for meals. "But, my dear," remonstrated the publisher, "I may bring them home for lunch, but I shall never force them on you for dinner." From what I have said you will see that publishing has changed. A good publisher today is often the closest friend that an author has. The one fights for the other and there is reciprocity in their friendship.

Alfred McIntyre was the hardest fighter I have ever known in the book trade. He was a good trader and he loved to trade. But once the agreement was made, he stood by his promise to the full measure of his words and without deviation. He fought to see that the bookseller was not squeezed to the wall by the ever-growing book clubs and by the wholesalers, and this, of course, involved an adjustment of discounts which would be fair to the one-man, undercapitalized bookshops which in the sum are so important. He fought against the skeletonizing and digesting of books: he would not give the American public the illusion that a 90,000-word novel which had taken ten months to write could honestly be cut to 25,000 words and sold on a platter in a 25¢ magazine—that, he said, was grossly unfair to the author and to the reader. He fought against those department stores which wanted to slash publishers' prices and use books as "loss leaders"—as bait to get new customers into the store. As early as 1917, he began fighting just as vigorously against the high prices and the over-production which were always tempting the gamblers in publishing. "Fewer and Better Books" was the slogan he wrote and inserted in

Little, Brown's colophon on the one hundredth anniversary of the firm. In his daily practice, which was also his philosophy, he worked for the dignity of the book and for the protection of the author and for the fair profit of those who sell books.

For ten years while I was editing Atlantic books, I was in almost daily contact with him. *The Atlantic* had published exactly one novel in the decade preceding and now I was being given my chance to enlarge the harvest. With the magazine to draw from and prize contests to encourage the new writer, the list grew from fifteen to twenty to twenty-five new books a year. It was an exciting build-up and through it all Alfred McIntyre was my supreme court.

He had the most astonishing grasp of detail. We were struggling together once for the right title for a new novel by Walter Edmonds, a novel describing the fortitude and misery of the colonists in the Mohawk Valley at the time of the American Revolution. Walter, as I remember, had called his story "A Starving Wilderness," which was not exactly an inviting title for the depression. Alfred, as he fingered through the manuscript said, "These people lived in the Mohawk Valley. 'Mohawk' is a good word." Pause. "How did the news of the Revolution first reach them?" "Why," I said, "I guess it was when they first heard the drums of the Continentals." "Drums," he said, "'Drums on the Mohawk.' No, you need more movement—'Drums Along the Mohawk'." And there was the title.

I remember that when "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" was first offered to us, James Hilton was willing to sell the book for a small outright sum (enough cash to provide him with a short holiday in Switzerland!), and that Alfred cabled him that any outright sale was against his best interests, sent him the money he needed as an advance, and with it a good contract.

He read his competitors' books just as carefully as his own. I remember the case of the famous elephantine novel which had been published by one of our greatest rivals and chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Alfred procured an advance copy and began reading its more than a thousand pages. Then, being in the neighborhood, he went in to see the publishers of the book. "Quite a book you've got there," he said to the publisher. "Have you read it?" "Well, no, actually I haven't," said the publisher, "but everyone here who has is crazy about it." "Better read it," said Alfred in tones reminiscent of Cal Coolidge. "Take a look at page 158!"

Knowing Alfred's integrity the publisher went into high gear. And there on the page Alfred had spotted was a paragraph so offensive that it would have seriously hurt the book's sale, a paragraph incidentally which had slipped by the notice of five judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club and the entire editorial staff of the rival. The first edition was recalled, the page revised.

YOU can see how things like that endeared him not only to his own authors but to his competitors. With all of his diffidence he was easily one of the best beloved publishers this town has ever produced. Cocktails he enjoyed as much as any man, but cocktail parties, which are an occupational risk in publishing, he loathed with the shyness of a man who cannot remember names. This shyness, curiously enough, he overcame at literary dinners. I remember his presiding at the full-dress banquet which celebrated Little, Brown's centennial, and I remember the spontaneous ovation, a complete surprise to him, which the New York publishers gave him as they rose to their feet.

At the war's end, Dr. Alice Hamilton, the wisest woman in industrial medicine we have, was talking to me about the physical exhaustion of the war. "Men of forty-five to sixty are coming out of it far more tired than they realize," she said, "yet they are the very men whose strength and experience we most need. I hope we can keep enough of them alive." Because the publishing field is not a large one, the leaders in it are known to all. We have lost four of them since the war: Curtice Hitchcock, Maxwell Perkins, Raymond Everitt, and now Alfred McIntyre.

In the years which have intervened the problem of publishing which was never secure on more than a narrow margin became increasingly difficult. The high cost of paper, of labor, and of composition led us into a vicious circle. The cost of producing a book has doubled since 1939, and in the process, books became too expensive for many who need them most—for

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the GIs and their wives coming out of colleges, for the professional groups who are first to feel high costs. Rising costs deprive new writers of a start. They tend to place a false value on the book-club adoption and the mass sale of reprints. These were worries which woke a publisher up before dawn, and Alfred McIntyre was always a light sleeper. Several times these past two years I heard him say, "I finished that manuscript between four and seven this morning." And there was a still more exacting demand on a man of his fair and liberal tendencies. He believed that the purpose of publishing was to edify quite as much as to entertain, and that it was the courage of a publisher not to follow a party line, but to reconcile as far as books of ideas ever can the conservatism of the Right and the extravagances of the Left—in short, to find and publish the middle course, the American course.

A program like this took courage and invited criticism, but it was Alfred's program, and because of his integrity and his judgment I think we, all of us, editors and authors, and fellow publishers, continued to put more dependence upon him than one man's strength could bear.

Alfred McIntyre was so good that we should not have worn him out at sixty-two. This question of death in the United States we have never looked in the eye. Is it inevitable that in our more conscientious callings we should demand so much of a man in judgment, in taste, and responsibility that the piano wires of his nerves are tightened beyond release at sixty? Must we so kill our statesmen and doctors, our writers and publishers, our men who live on their nervous force, our leaders in whatever field who bet their lives on their jobs and risk the decisions of a free society? Yes, I am afraid we must. It is the cost of being right-minded in a time of tension. Your great fighter knows when he is taking his punishment; few American men have any illusions on that score, and certainly not Alfred McIntyre, who knew last summer that he was tired almost beyond recovery. But a great fighter would rather go out on his feet. And he did. —EDWARD WEEKS.

Literary Highlights of 1948

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This supplementary list, which follows the longer one published December 4, is particularly designed for those who wish to translate Christmas checks into books.*

THE DIVINE COMEDY. By Dante Alighieri. Translated by Lawrence Grant White. Pantheon Press. "The luckless translator," Mr. White says, "can never recapture the beauty of Dante's music," and he therefore devotes himself to telling "the story as simply and accurately as possible," in Miltonic verse. The reader who cannot make acquaintance with Dante in the original will find this an excellent introduction to one of the greatest poems of literature.

THE TASTE OF ANGELS. By Francis Henry Taylor. Little, Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press). The director of the Metropolitan Musuem of Art breaks new ground in a volume which he subtitles "A History of Art Collecting from Rameses to Napoleon." This is a fascinating chronicle in which history and the history of culture are strung on a chain of the famous collectors through the centuries. It is at once a factual and colorful volume, in which personalities lend a peculiarly human interest to it. Lavishly illustrated.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby. Macmillan. 3 vols. Literary history with the emphasis on the elements which have made American experience significant. The most complete and enlightening survey of its subject, by scholars eminent in the field of American letters.

EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD. By James B. Conant. Harvard University Press. A trumpet call to the nation by the president of Harvard University who, convinced that the way to meet the onslaughts of Communism and totalitarianism is not by propaganda but by better democracy, discusses the cultural and educational means by which this desideratum can be reached.

THE AGE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION. By Dixon Wecter. Macmillan. An "Only Yesterday" of the Roosevelt era, covering all phases of American activity, cultural, political, social, industrial, and scientific.

THE HOME BOOK OF PROVERBS, MAXIMS, AND FAMILIAR PHRASES. By Burton Stevenson. Macmillan. An immense caravansary tracing its inclusions to their sources —a reference book immensely useful on the shelves of libraries or individuals.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN GOLF: Its Champions and Championships. By Herbert Warren Wind. Farrar & Straus. Exactly what its title indicates, but the title fails to convey the skill of writing which makes material principally of concern to a special group of interest to the general public.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Henry S. Commager. Random House. A collection which will make the hearts of the elderly jump with joy and which should give to the young at least some of the delight which the monthly purveyed during the years of *St. Nicholas*'s existence to thousands of children.

AMERICAN ANTIQUE FURNITURE. By Edgar G. Miller, Jr. Barrows. 2 vols. A reissue of the most exhaustive and authoritative work in its field.

A STAR CALLED WORMWOOD. By Martha Bacon. Harper. A first novel by a young American poet, the scene laid in Italy with a group of children for protagonists. It has tang and originality and delicacy and beauty of style.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS. By Walter Bagehot. Knopf. A new edition of one of the celebrated works of Victorian England, for which Jacques Barzun has supplied an introduction.

—AMY LOVEMAN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Children of Their Time"

SIR: Having seen more than a score of my novels and other books published, I have long ago ceased to get excited about bad reviews. I even enjoy, to a certain degree, the whims of reviewers who are out to "kill" a book of mine *cum ira et studio,* provided that they display some competence and knowledge.

Mr. Lehrman, into whose hands my novel "Children of Their Time" has fallen [*SRL* Sept. 25], unfortunately possesses neither of the above mentioned qualities. Still, I would not have written this letter, had I not seen in your last issue Dr. Mathiessen's complaint about Mr. Lehrman's review of his book "From the Heart of Europe" [Oct. 16]. That complaint and Mr. Lehrman's reply, together with a reading of the book and review concerned, convinced me that Mr. Lehrman's inaccuracy and unscrupulousness are methodical and should, therefore, be nailed down.

Every conscientious critic who wants to review a novel clearly marked as sequel of a previous one would undoubtedly read that one too. Mr. Lehrman has not done so, and this accounts for some of his grotesque misstatements about my characters, their social background and so on. And in writing about the volume he seems to have read, he distorts the most simple literary facts, *i. e.,* when he informs the reader that my characters are doing almost nothing but mailing "interminable letters to one another." Now there are exactly six modestly sized letters in the whole book, taking up about twenty of more than 250 pages. I could go on quoting similar examples but I shall limit myself to only one more in order to show that Mr. Lehrman's handling of historical facts is on the same level as his mistreatment of literary facts. In writing about the alleged *leit motiv* of my novel, he confounds the Russian February revolution with that of November, to which latter he seems to be so allergic that he forgets the reviewer's primary function (namely to report what an author actually wrote, displeased as he might be by it) and runs amok instead.

F. C. WEISKOPF.

New York, N. Y.

Materialism vs. Romance

SIR: Denis de Rougemont has described the failure of modern marriage brilliantly [*SRL* Nov. 13]. The merely literary tradition he assigns as its cause, however, seems far too polite and superficial an explanation. A man's attitude toward love is not, after all, purely the result of what he has been taught about love; it is part and parcel of his basic attitude toward the whole of life. If we see in our marriages only a source of thrills-without-responsibility, it is not Tristan's fault nor even the fault of movies and magazines, which, though they aggravate our disease, are essentially only its symptoms. It is the fault of a materialist philosophy which sees nothing else in the universe.

So the materialist—and, whether nominally Christian or not, a large majority of Americans are materialists—*must* translate the pursuit of happiness into the pursuit of pleasure. More gadgets, more liquor, more women, more thrills. In the end, of course, he not only fails to find happiness but destroys *even* his capacity for pleasure—which is why we are a country of sick minds, broken homes, and dyspeptic stomachs.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Staatsburg, N. Y.

SIR: Denis de Rougemont believes that marriage based on romance couldn't possibly last. We, the people of the Western Hemisphere, do not agree with him. We believe that romance comes first. If a young couple have romance and a true love for each other they can in many and most cases make a success of their marriage. With love for each other little difficulties can be overlooked such as lack of money, not the best place in town to live, etc. With true love the material things in life are not the most important.

Marriage for social standing, age, outlook of future, religion, as advocated by Mr. De Rougemont may work in Europe but in the United States it is definitely looked down upon. It is a selfish person, one who thinks only of his or her desires and wants, that marries for one of the above reasons.

First and foremost must come love and romance. If a couple have romance chances are ten to one that they will make a go of their marriage. It is the interference of families, and unpredicted things, which cause divorces and unsuccessful marriage.

EMILY CAMPBELL.

Freshman, Christian College
Columbia, Mo.

Christmas Story

Last night, John Elzey, watchman at the Grand Eagle Department Store, while making his rounds of the bargain basement, found the body of a man lying under a counter. He was thin to the point of emaciation, apparently in his middle thirties, and was shabbily dressed. His pockets were empty and there were no marks of identification upon his person. Store officials believe that he was trampled in the Christmas rush and crawled under the counter for shelter. But they are unable to account for what appear to be nail wounds in his hands. The police are investigating.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I should be most honored to be your official taster, O great one, but it so happens that fish doesn't agree with me."

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Seeing Things

HARRISON REX

"MAY the King come in?," asks a servant at one of the many moments that Henry VIII appears in "Anne of the Thousand Days."* Enter, of course, he does. Not because he has a sovereign's rights or because Henry in the flesh was a monarch beyond stopping; but because, in Maxwell Anderson's most recent excursion into history, Rex Harrison takes Tudor possession of the stage.

Every actor playing Henry VIII is Holbein-haunted. Few canvases have so dictated the make-up, costume, and stance of performers as those made by the younger Hans when as Henry's "servant" with £30 a year for wages, he was commanded "to take" the "physiognomy" of his royal patron. Did Sir Joshua, when painting "The Tragic Muse," print his name at the edge of Mrs. Siddons's skirt because of his gallant resolve to go down to posterity on the hem of her garment? Well, Henry VIII has come down to us on the tip of Holbein's crayons and brushes. The King's skirmishes with Rome are not unremembered, nor are the number and fate of his wives forgotten. But the Henry we see when his name is mentioned, and the Henry we expect to see on stage and screen, is the Henry Holbein saw and drew.

The fringe of feathers on the rakish hat which is all upturned rim. The balancing fringe of downturned whiskers, hiding the jowls and veiling the sizable chin at the bottom of that square-rigged head. The thin eyebrows, almost plucked or penciled, arching upward. The decisive puffs above those cruel, imperious, and naked eyes. That long, thin, arrogant nose, which even Hazlitt would have had to salute as a proper "rudder" for such a face. The strongly marked, passionate indentation above those tightly pursed, cynical lips, and the mandarin-like mustaches which frame them. The mingled power, amusement, and haughtiness of that gross, wilful face. The great broad shoulders, made the broader because of the paths of ermine edging the cape. The magnificently bejeweled sleeves. The doublet, also jewel-studded, stretched across that solid body. The fleshy, ringed fingers; the right arm akimbo, the left hand resting on a sword. The long, muscular legs. And the slippered feet, widely spread, with the toes turned out for balance. All these Holbein details create for us the visual image of Henry VIII which we expect every actor to recreate.

Mr. Harrison does not disappoint us. His Henry is younger by some fifteen years than the monarch Holbein immortalized. He is more dapper, less portly. Even so, he is Holbein's Henry made flesh. But—and this is the notable merit of his notable performance—he does more than look and dress and stand like Holbein's king. Most actors who have mastered their make-up boxes can, with a costumer's aid, suggest that Henry. To capture his spirit as Holbein caught it and as history has recorded it is, however, another matter. At this Mr. Harrison succeeds more completely than any player who on a stage or before a camera has undertaken to impersonate the king within our time.

Until Mr. Harrison turned Tudor, the most widely remembered contemporary performance of Henry was Charles Laughton's. Although acted with skill, Mr. Laughton's Henry was deliberately a coarse fellow. He was a leering, lecherous, greasy man. He was proud, fat, bumptious, and evil. In Falstaff's fashion he was a "great tub of guts." In his lack of amiability, however, he more closely resembled Captain Bligh than Falstaff. If he dressed like a Holbein portrait, he behaved like a Hogarth caricature. His table manners were those of a hog. He had authority, but it was not a king's. The crown seemed as foreign to him as a napkin or a fingerbowl.

—*John Swope.*

Joyce Redman and Rex Harrison—"blessed with voices capable of making rhythmic prose, however meager, sound like poetry."

IT is a relief to turn from such a gross interpretation to Mr. Harrison's. His king has all the faults with which history cursed Henry and he cursed history. As a monarch able to mistake his earthly lust for his divine right, he is cruel, remorseless, and headstrong. He is selfish too, and gruff and commanding. He is to the palace born. The hot blood in his veins is royal. Haughty though he is, his eyes are lighted by wit. Formidable when he is crossed, he is charming when having his way.

Mr. Harrison manages to suggest weight without being fat himself or resorting to undue padding. He also succeeds in suggesting the physical changes which overtake Henry in the ten years' span of Mr. Anderson's drama. He does this in such subtle ways as stance or gesture. But, most of all, he manages to capture the fatal vitality of the sovereign he is playing.

Mr. Harrison's mind is as much a part of his performance as his appearance. If the verse he reads were Shakespeare's, he could not take greater pains to preserve the music of what he has to say. He speaks with wonderful clarity, creating the illusion of significance in line after line by Mr. Anderson in which, unfortunately, the significance like the music is often no more than an illusion.

Joyce Redman brings the same resonance and intelligence to her reading of the fiery Anne, who, in Thomas Wyatt's phrase, was "wylde for to hold." Her redhead is a termagant with a will to match Henry's own. She humanizes Anne, giving her both dignity and fire, even if she is somewhat monotonous, a little shrill, and if at moments she acts Anne with that shadowy indirectness with which the Player Queen in "Hamlet" is always acted.

Mr. Anderson has many reasons for being grateful to Miss Redman and to Mr. Harrison. Chief among these is the simple fact that the two of them are blessed with voices capable of making rhythmic prose, however meager in its profundity or melody,

**ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS, by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by H. C. Potter. Setting and lighting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Motley. Music by Lehman Engel. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and Leland Hayward. With a cast including Rex Harrison, Joyce Redman, Percy Waram, John Williams, Viola Keats, Charles Francis, Robert Duke, Louise Platt, Margaret Garland, Monica Lang, Russell Gaige, Wendell K. Phillips, Harry Irvine, George Collier, etc. At the Shubert. Opened December 8, 1948.*

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"Broadway's Newest Sweetheart!" —WINCHELL
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
LOVE LIFE
A New Musical
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
NANETTE FABRAY RAY MIDDLETON
Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
46th STREET Theatre
W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40. NO PERF. MON.
HENRY MILLER'S THEA. 43rd Street E. of B'way

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Life With Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

EVERYBODY GIVES—
EVERYBODY BENEFITS!
Help the
COMMUNITY CHEST

sound like poetry. Such other gifted performers as Percy Waram, who is Wolsey; Harry Irvine, who acts Bishop Fisher; John Williams, who is the Duke of Norfolk, and Robert Duke, who is Percy, the young Earl of Northumberland, in varying degrees possess this same talent. It is a talent which proves sorely needed; as sorely needed, in fact, as it is to have a real musician fiddling in the wings when an actor who cannot play a violin is asked on stage to impersonate Paganini.

OF all American dramatists Mr. Anderson is the hardest to do critical justice to. Regardless of what anyone may think of this or that of his poetic plays, it cannot be denied that his aims are of the highest. His is a splendid, lonely courage. The theatre of which he dreams is the theatre at its noblest. No one has written more eloquently than he about the theory of tragic exaltation, or understands it more completely. With Goethe, he is convinced dramatic poetry is man's greatest achievement so far; with Shaw, that the theatre is essentially a cathedral of the spirit. He despises "the starvation diet of prose" on which we are ordinarily fed. Prose, as he sees it, is the language of information; poetry, the language of emotion. His hope is "strong and chronic . . . that the theatre in this country will outgrow . . . journalistic social comment and reach occasionally into the upper air of poetic tragedy."

It is not Mr. Anderson's fault if his ambitions outrun his talents. That is the common lot. Most of us are doomed to live with the anguish and embarrassment of knowing what is first-rate in this field or that without being able to produce it. Luckier than most, Mr. Anderson has had the satisfaction of making his distinguished contributions. "What Price Glory?," written with Laurence Stallings, was one of these. So was the father-daughter scene in such a realistic drama as "Saturday's Children." Cer-

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tainly Mr. Anderson's "Winterset," in spite of its shortcomings, had its sizable and redeeming merits as a reaching for poetic tragedy in modern speech and dress. His "High Tor" was a delectable fantasy. And "Elizabeth the Queen" and "Mary of Scotland" were historical romances which benefited by his eagerness to expose audiences to a kind of brave, colorful language which in our naturalistic theatre is rarely heard.

Why is it then, notwithstanding single speeches of interest in such of his other plays as "The Masque of Kings," "Valley Forge," or "Key Largo," that Mr. Anderson does not wear well as a poetic dramatist? Why is it that a good many of us approach his plays with less anticipation than we once did and sit through them with less pleasure? Why is it that, even when as in "Anne of the Thousand Days" he is writing more tightly and strongly than he has written of recent years, we feel no real enthusiasm?

Is it because we are onto the trick? Is it because the horrid conviction is bound to overtake us that what Mr. Anderson prints as poetry, and what his actors speak as such, is not poetry at all but a sort of singsong in which very simple thoughts are ornately stated? Or is it because, by undertaking what he has the courage and idealism to essay, Mr. Anderson raises our hopes as high as his own—and then leaves us hoping?

"Anne" is serviceable enough as theatre. It may add nothing to the story it retells, but at least it follows that story with fair fidelity. Most assuredly, from the point of view of interest, history is on Mr. Anderson's side. To be dull about Henry VIII's love for Anne Boleyn would be difficult. Their passion was tremendous in its political and religious repercussions, and disastrous to Anne. Mr. Anderson touches upon all these ramifications. He employs a flashback technique, having both Henry and Anne on the night of Anne's execution recall the key events in the tempestuous course of their courtship and marriage.

One listens and looks, pleased by the swift movement of H. C. Potter's direction, charmed by the beauty of Motley's costumes, and enthralled by such a performance as Mr. Harrison's. One listens and looks, not minding the play too much but not admiring it either. Those happiest at "Anne" are bound to be those who do not listen too carefully. The sound (or its illusion) is there. So is the fury. These, however, do not signify what they would or could or should. What Mr. Anderson wanted to be, and we hoped would emerge as, history sung and illumined by a poet turns out to be an actor's evening. It is not Shakespeare that we must measure Mr. Anderson by. Alas, it is Sheridan Knowles.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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ARE FAMILIES PASSÉ

(*Continued from page 6*)

the coin of which the fair side is the right to choose one's spouse. Weak and stunted individuals will of course abuse both privileges, yet it is difficult to see how divorce could consistently be denied in a culture like ours. Certainly if we accepted it more honestly as a necessary phase of our way of life, however sorrowful, and put honest effort and sympathy into not penalizing the divorced, we should be acting more appropriately and in our own best interests. At any rate, the high divorce rate in the United States is no attack on marriage, for it is precisely the divorced—those who have failed in one or two attempts—who have the highest rate of marriage. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five not even the unmarried or the widowed marry at so great a rate as the divorced.

Besides free choice and privacy, the American family has unusual potential leisure because of the labor-saving devices, prepared foods, and ready-made clothes available under modern conditions. The basic labor-saver is running water in the sink, and Americans have little idea how many millions of homes in civilized countries do not have it. Thus we are saved an endless round of drudgery that ties down women—and men also—in countries where homes have no running water, no gas and electricity, no farm tools but those which are driven into the earth by human hands or are swung in human arms, and no use of ready-made soaps and foods and clothes. Americans put high value on lessened drudgery, but they deprecate having free spaces of truly leisure time; the more time they save the more they fill up their days and nights with a round of engagements and complications. They are unwilling to admit that they have leisure, but the schedules of their lives prove clearly how much they have.

Universal schooling in the United States also frees the family of many duties when children have come. It is hard for Americans to imagine the difference which regular school hours make in a mother's role. For a great part of the working day, American children are the responsibility of the teacher and not of the mother. As nursery schools spread over the country, younger and younger children get trained care outside the home and the mother's labors are correspondingly relieved. As the children grow older the mother's leisure increases, until finally she reaches that idle middle age with its round of card parties and clubs and window shopping and movies which engross and waste the energy of so many millions of American women. Her husband is earning more money now than when he was younger, and her children have flown; she has a plethora of privileges and freedom and leisure. In one sense she has everything.

It is obviously unfair to talk about the incomparable freedom from drudgery which the American home offers without emphasizing that interval of a few years when there is no leisure for the mother in the home—the years when the babies are little. In our great cities where each family is strange to all the others, a mother is likely to have to be baby-tender every hour of the day, with no one to relieve her. Along with these duties she must do all her cooking and washing and cleaning. And, as all our magazines and women's pages reiterate, she must make efforts to keep her husband. She must keep herself looking attractive, must keep up social contacts, and be a companion to him. To European wives this program looks formidable. "I was always told that American women were so free," a Polish woman said to me, "but when I came here and saw how they had to manage with the babies and the house without any older women of the fam-

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ily to help, and then how they had to play around with their husbands in the evening to keep them happy, I decided I wouldn't change places with them for anything. In Poland a woman doesn't have to 'keep' her husband; it's all settled when they're married."

The striking fact about the nursery years in the United States is that in comparison with those in other countries they are so short and that nevertheless we do not really treat them as an interim. Mothers who are going through this period give remarkably little thought to the leisure that will come soon. They are often vocal enough about the turmoil of their present lives, and sometimes bitter, but the fact that the nursery years are so short in the United States and could be treated as an interim is all too seldom part of their thinking. No doubt this is due in part to a lag in our culture, since even with our grandparents conditions were different; but in part it is a result of the sentiment which selects this period, no matter how short, as the fulfilment of a woman's chief duty in life. A social engineer looking at the family, however, would certainly put his major effort into better arrangements for the overburdened mother during these years and into thinking about effecting some transition from this period into that next one during which, in the United States, millions of women become idle parasites upon society—and dull and unhappy into the bargain.

Another notable feature of the American family is its peculiarly non-authoritarian character. The old rules that a child should be seen and not heard and the adage "Spare the rod and spoil the child" are anachronistic in the United States; they are dispensed with even in immigrant groups which honored them in their native country. The rule of the father over the family is still a reality in some European nations, but in the United States the mother is the chief responsible agent in bringing up her children; here the father's opinions are something the children are more likely to play off against the mother's, to their own advantage, rather than a court of last authority from which there is no appeal. Children take the noisy center of the stage at the breakfast table and in the living room in a way that is quite impossible in European countries. The fact that they are expected to know right from wrong in their tenderest years and to act upon it on their own is often commented on by European mothers who have lived here. A Dutch mother once spoke to the author about how hard we are on our children because we expect this of them. She said, "I don't expect it of my children before they are seven; until then, I am there to see that they act correctly." But an American mother expects a child of three or four to be a responsible moral agent, and she gives him great latitude in which to prove that he can manage his little affairs by himself.

All this lack of strong authoritarianism in American families accords

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PARODIES OF WELL-KNOWN POEMS

Brenda Heloise Green, of Cleveland, submits twenty parodies on well-known poems and asks you to name either the original poet or poem. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

1. Scuttle, scuttle, little roach—
   How you run when I approach!
2. Wake! for the Golden Cat has put to flight
   The Mouse of Darkness with his Paw of Light.
3. How doth the little crocodile
   Improve his shining tail,
   And pour the waters of the Nile
   On every shining scale!
4. Miss Pussy jumped down, like a thief in the night,
   From the cream in the cupboard with eyes gleaming bright.
5. He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
   Of the skin he made him mittens,
   Made them with the fur side inside,
   Made them with the skin side outside.
6. The boy stood by the stable door
   And watched the pensive mule.
7. The sun was hot, the day was bright,
   The statesman found his collars tight.
8. John Alcohol, my foe, John,
   When we were first acquaint,
   I'd siller in my pockets, John,
   Which noo, ye ken, I want.
9. I hate it, I hate it, and who shall dare
   To chide me for hating that dentist's chair?
10. The broom that once through Sarah's halls
    In hole and corner sped
    Now useless leans 'gainst Sarah's walls
    And gathers dust instead.
11. 'Tis the last fly of summer left buzzing alone;
    All its black-legged companions are dried up or gone.
12. Seated one day at my typewriter,
    I was weary of a's and e's.
13. Hear the fluter with his flute,
    Silver flute!
    Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot!
14. A common-place young girl,
    A decidedly rare young girl,
    Stay home at night,
    Do what is right,
    Help-her-old-mother young girl.
15. Tell me not in idle jingle
    Marriage is an empty dream,
    For the girl is dead that's single.
16. When lovely woman, still a maiden,
    Finds her locks are turning gray,
    What art can keep their hue from fading?
17. He dwelt among "Apartments Let,"
    About five stories high,
    A man, I thought, that none could get,
    And very few would try.
18. The furnace tolls the knell of falling steam,
    The coal supply is virtually done,
    And at this price indeed it does not seem
    As though we could afford another ton.
19. Sarah kissed me when we met,
    So did Kate and Belle and Dora,
    So did Jane and Violet,
    Dolly, Claribel, and Flora.
20. Breathes there a man with hide so tough
    Who says two sexes aren't enough?

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well with the values that are chiefly sought after in this country. No strong father image is compatible with our politics or our economics. We seek the opportunity to prove that we are as good as the next person, and we do not find comfort in following an authoritarian voice—in the state or in the home, from the landowner or the priest—which will issue a command from on high. We learn as children to measure ourselves against Johnny next door, or against Mildred, whose mother our mother knows in church, and this prepares us for living in a society with strongly egalitarian ideals. We do not learn the necessity of submitting to unquestioned commands as the children of many countries do. The family in the United States has become democratic.

THESE free-choice and non-authoritarian aspects of the family, along with its privacy and potential leisure, evidence only a few of the many ways in which it has become consistent with major emphases in our national life. They seem to be quite well fitted to the role the family must play in a culture like that of the United States. This does not mean, however, that Americans capitalize to their own advantage upon all these consistently contrived arrangements which are institutionalized in the family as we know it. At the beginning of this essay two subjects were left for later discussion—how well our society protects the family from dangerous overstrain, and how well as human beings with special insights and blind spots we are able to get all the satisfactions we might out of our version of the home. These two subjects cannot be omitted.

In spite of all our American sentiment about the home and the family, we do not show great concern about buttressing it against catastrophe. Any well-considered national program must have regard for the children; if they are housed and fed below a certain minimum, if their health is not attended to, the nation suffers in the next generation. The lack of a tolerable economic floor under the family is especially crucial in a society like that of the United States, where competition is so thoroughly relied upon as an incentive and where so few families have anything but the weekly pay envelope to use for food and doctors' bills. When factories close, when inflation comes, the family gets little consideration in the United States. Especially in economic crises it gets the little end of the horn. Today the necessity of providing tens of thousands of new homes is of the greatest importance for healthy family life in the United States, but adequate housing programs are notoriously unsupported. Sickness insurance, too, which would provide preventive care as well as relieve the family budget of all expenses in a crisis, needs high priority in a national program.

There is another very different difficulty which threatens the family. We have seen how as an institution it is particularly tailored to American ways of living. But the very best suit of clothes may be badly worn by a careless and irresponsible person. So, too, people may abuse a home well designed to suit them. It is no less true of marriage and the family. These exist as institutions remarkably well adjusted to American life. But many Americans are miserably unable to achieve happiness within them.

It is of course easy to say that a culture like that of the United States, which allows individuals so much free choice among alternatives, is asking a great deal of human beings. In social life, as in literature, some of the finest human achievements have been within restrictions as rigid as those of the sonnet form. Our American culture is more like a sprawling novel where every page may deal with a new encounter and with a special choice. We ask a great deal of individuals when we give them such wide latitude and so little respected authority. But the United States is built on the premise that this is possible, and if ever we as a people decide otherwise our nation will change beyond recognition. We shall have lost the very thing we have been trying to build in this country.

It must not be imagined that this craving for individual freedom is what prevents Americans from enjoying the family as much as it might be enjoyed. In so far as the family is an overheavy economic burden on some wage earners, a more careful welfare program could take care of this complaint. Certainly women and children have a freedom in the American family which is hard to match elsewhere in the world, and from all portents this will probably increase rather than diminish.

The crucial difficulty in American happiness in marriage, is, rather, a certain blind spot which is especially fostered in our privileged United States. An extreme instance of this was mentioned in connection with the million of idle, middle-aged wives in this country. These are women who as a group are well set up and favored beyond any such great numbers of women in any other part of the world. But privilege to them is separate from responsibility. Comparatively few of them feel that it is compatible with their status to do responsible work in which they have had experience in their own households and which must now be done outside their homes, and few take the initiative in getting the training they would need in jobs which they can see need to be done.

It is not only the middle-aged woman who accepts privilege without a sense of obligation. In marriage, the right of both men and women to choose their mates freely is a privilege which carries with it, if they are to live happily, an accompanying conviction that when things go wrong it is doubly their obligation—to themselves as well as to their spouses—to deal tolerantly. Perhaps a young man realizes that his wife is more petulant than he knew; exactly because he chose her, however, she is "a poor thing; but [his] own." Privileged as he was to choose her, he has a corresponding responsibility.

It is the same with children. In the United States the reason for having children is not, as it is in most of the world, the perpetuation of the family line down many generations. In most countries people have children because there must be someone to till the piece of land in the village where the family has lived for centuries, there must be an heir to inherit the

Winged Words

By Carl Binger

WORDS are winged birds,
With feathered tip they dip the rippled surface of our thought,
Or with a circling, mirrored eye,
Upon the inward mind they spy,
To plummet down on darting wish,
And seize upon the gasping fish.

Eager, painted, humming words,
That sip the drop of honey from the lip;
Olive branched dove,
Cooing of peace and love.

Words that squawk,
Night-heron like, or quawk;
Words that peck and cackle,
Greedy vulgar grackle.

Warbling words like cheerio
The song of red-eyed vireo;
Smeared and bloody words of vultures,
That fatten on decaying cultures.

Searching, silent, solitary words,
From the throats of lonesome birds,
Marbled Godwit stepping from his reedy cover
To start a flight of ring-necked plover;
Or gliding Sheerwater,
Who sails and sweeps above unfathomed deeps.

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Hof, or there must be a son to perform the ancestral rites. In our atomistic American families these motivations seldom arise. We have children, not because our parents are sitting in judgment, not because of the necessity of having an heir, but because we personally want them—whether as company in the home or to show our friends we can have them. It is a privileged phrasing of parenthood, and if it is to bring us happiness it implies an acceptance of responsibility. Nothing is all pleasure in this life, and bringing up two or three noisy children in our small urban apartments is no exception to the rule. But with us it is based on choice—far more than it is elsewhere in the world —and we can only make the most of a choice if we follow it through wholeheartedly in all its implications.

It is partly because of this blind spot in the American family, this walling off of privilege from responsibility and tolerance, that we so often ask of life an average happiness—as if it could be presented to us on a platter. Full normal happiness only comes to men and women who give as well as take—who, in this instance, give themselves warmly to their family life, and do not merely arrogate to themselves the rights they are so freely allowed in our society. In the United States, if happiness proves impossible they can get a divorce; but, until they have made this decision, they can capitalize on their privileges only if they bind around their arms the motto "Privilege has its obligations."

The family in the United States is an institution remarkably adapted to our treasured way of life. The changes that are occurring in it do not mean that it is decaying and needs to be saved. It offers a long array of privileges. It needs more consideration in political tax-supported programs, by means of which many difficulties that beset it could be eradicated. Finally, Americans, in order to get the maximum happiness out of such a free institution as the family in the United States, need to parallel their privileges with an awakening responsibility. It is hard to live up to being so privileged as we are in the United States, but it is not impossible.

Ruth Benedict, at the time of her death last September, was associate professor of anthropology at Columbia. She was author of "Patterns of Culture," "Race: Science and Politics," and other books. This essay will be published by Harper in February as part of a symposium on "The Family: Its Functions and Destiny," Volume V of the Science of Culture Series, edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen.

The Film Forum

FILMS ON MUSIC

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this and a following* FILM FORUM *we survey a selection of music films of unusual merit. There is, however, an urgent need for better coordination of 16mm. musical films with the teaching curriculum* (SRL, *Aug.* 14), *and for an overall plan designed to use the resources of sight and sound in the service of music.*

ORCHESTRAL

INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORCHESTRA

Available from British Information Services. Consult *SRL* for nearest source. (20 min.) May be purchased or rented.

This is the first film to be directed by a conductor — Muir Mathieson, permanent conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, whose name is familiar to all who remember credit titles of British feature films. It offers an excellent introduction to orchestra music appreciation; Dr. Malcolm Sargent acts as commentator as he explains each instrument, the sounds it gives, and the family to which it belongs. These groups (*i.e.* strings, woodwinds, etc.) are then combined and blended to get the full effect of the score. Dr. Sargent mounts the podium and conducts the London Philharmonic in Benjamin Britten's "Variations and Fuge on a Theme by Purcell," composed especially for this film.

TORONTO SYMPHONY NO. 1

Available from National Film Board of Canada. Consult *SRL* for nearest source. (12 min.) May be purchased or rented.

Sir Ernest MacMillan conducts the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in three modern compositions: Benjamin's "Jamaican Rhumba," MacMillan's "A St. Malo," and Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon." Interesting camera studies supplement music.

TORONTO SYMPHONY NO. 2

Available as above. (10 min.)

In this reel MacMillan directs the third movement of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony in B Minor.

HYMN OF THE NATIONS

Produced by the OWI. Consult *SRL* for nearest distributor. (30 min.) May be purchased or rented.

If this film did nothing but present the excellent camera studies of Arturo Toscanini, it would be a remarkable film. The greatest living conductor, together with his NBC Symphony Orchestra, interprets Guiseppe Verdi's "Hymn of the Nations." The picture was produced in honor of the liberation of Italy; for this worthy cause Toscanini allowed himself to be filmed at work. In addition to one of the best recorded musical sound tracks, the film traces the conductor's life and his part in the anti-Fascist movement.

ADDITIONAL SOURCES:

The National Music Camp at Ann Arbor, Mich., has produced four films which they distribute without charge. They are: "Exploring Talent at Interlaken (25 min.; color), "Electronic Aids in Music Teaching" (25 min.; color), "Symphony of Young America" (22 min.), and "Youth Builds a Symphony" (25 min.). The Chicago Tribune Public Service Office has a free film on the 1943 Chicago Music Festival; it is called "Music for Americans" and it runs eighteen minutes. The American Telephone & Telegraph Corporation has filmed two of its radio programs (*SRL* Aug. 28), "Rehearsal" and "The Telephone Hour."

INSTRUMENTAL (PIANO)

PADEREWSKI

Distributed by Official Films, 25 West 45 St., N. Y. 19, N. Y. May be purchased or rented.

Unlike Shakespeare's somber admonition that the good is oft interred with their bones, here is a specific instance in which the good that a man did lives after him. Paderewski made only one screen appearance, and the selections he played have been edited for 16mm. users. They have been divided into three reels: (1) Chopin's "Polonaise," (2) Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and Paderewski's "Minuet in G," and (3) Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody." Each about ten minutes.

MYRA HESS

Available from British Information Services. Consult *SRL* for nearest source. (10 min.)

Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor, the "Appassionata," becomes a personal thing in the hands of Myra Hess. This film presents more than a perfect rendition of a difficult piece —only the camera is capable of capturing the effort which seems wrung from her very soul as her fingers appear to improvise effortlessly.

JOSE ITURBI

Distributed by Official Films. See above.

Before Señor Iturbi joined MGM and made the classics interesting to the millions, he made two short films (each about ten minutes) for those who wanted to study his technique. In the first he plays Albeniz's "Sevilla" and Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu"; in the second he plays three pieces for the harpsichord by Rameau, and on the piano Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11."

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For Information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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A Christmas Letter from Mrs. Kingsley

FIRST, our warmest good wishes for a blessed holiday season and the coming year! Then, equally warm thanks for the many friendly greetings, and letters otherwise, since our last page. We invite, as always, further DC contacts. Owing to peculiar circumstances at the time, our spring greeting in that issue of *The Saturady Review* did not see the light.

Discrepancies in our DCs have led to most interesting developments: In reply to my statement in our December '47 letter that "Gung-ho" was the slogan of Stilwell's men, came protests from Mrs. Wendy Warfield, world traveler and worker, contributor to *China Monthly;* Morris Rosenbloom, president-secretary of the Transpontine Society; Kendric N. Marshall, director, Division of International Educational Relations, U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C.; Daniel P. Hull, Watertown, Conn. All seemed jealous for the reputation of Evans Carlson, who, in the words of Mr. Hull, "made the word 'Gung-ho' famous. . . . It was not merely a slogan, either, but the pyschological foundation of a most unusual and unorthodox regiment. Carlson was incomparably great and selfless, so often got no credit for his work, and cared so little about credit, that I cannot, without notice, see 'Gung-ho' go to anyone else." Later Otis Moore, Garnersville, N. Y., called our attention to a chapter in Richard Terrill Baker's "Trumpet of a Prophecy" devoted to the Chinese cooperative movement.

Of several other discrepancies I've space for but one, if only to give you an inkling of the thorough research that goes into the making of reference volumes by reputable publishers. It concerns the geographic term "Tirach Mir." I had found it casually in the gazetteer section of Webster's New International and had decided to use it some day. When I did use it, forgetful of my source, I consulted the 1948 "Information Please Almanac." In that it was spelled *Tirich Mir*, whereupon, rather than make the DC over, I wrote to John Kieran for his authority, knowing, as I did, that my head was at stake. His reply in part follows:

> The spelling *Tirich Mir* was furnished by the Encyclopedia Britannica staff, who made up our section of world events and geography. In our checking of the section, we came across quite a few cases of variant spelling in geographical names, and we asked the Britannica what authority they used. They answered that they used no authority; rather that from the latest government maps, documents, etc., they tried to select the form most generally in use. And Information, Please thereupon wrote to the Encyclopaedia Britannica for the source of this particular spelling with the *i*. This is their reply:
>
> > Our source for the spelling of *Tirich Mir* is the International Map Series 1: 1,000,000, which is generally accepted by geographers as the authoritative source in case of discrepancies in spelling, height, etc., since the individual maps comprising the series were prepared by the governments concerned. If Mrs. Kingsley wishes to refer to the series, she will find *Tirich Mir* on Sheet N. J42, Samarquand.

Aren't you glad that you are not an almanac or dictionary compiler?

The authorities back of the Merriam-Webster publications always reply to the queries you raise as to (supposed) errors in our DCs with courtesy, promptness, and meticulous detail, as they did in the case of just who commanded, respectively, at Nashville and Franklin Civil War battles questioned by several of you.

We have lost by death this year two of our famous and genial puzzlers, Simeon Strunsky and Will Irwin. Not long before, I had lunched in their home with Will Irwin and his author wife, Inez Haynes Irwin. When, in search of humorous selections from his works similar to the very amusing letters he used to write us about our DCs, I complained to him that the books by him in the libraries were all so serious or that the acrostic made by his name and the work never fits my needs, he promised to bear me in mind in the next book he might write.

We have learned of another famous person addicted to DCs. When in March I chanced in a *SRL* puzzle to use the name of Steinman, as a world renowned engineering consultant, perhaps relatively few of you were familiar with him. You must have read later in the papers with a glow of understanding Steinman's appointment to the position of consulting engineer in the making over of our beautiful old Brooklyn Bridge. Imagine my surprise and delight to read in "The Builders of the Bridge," the story of John Roebling and his son, written and sent to me by Mr. Steinman, this quaint tribute in his handwriting: "To Elizabeth S. Kingsley—from a Double-Crostic Fan who is pleasurably surprised to find that he has become a Double-Crostic Definition."

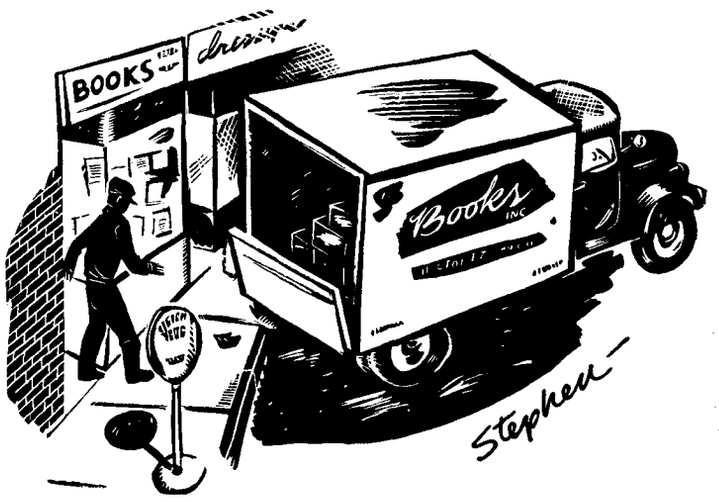
One of our members has found a new use for the Gideon Bible—a source-book for DC information while traveling from hotel to hotel!

It always gives me joy to hear that individuals have learned how to construct a DC, and I always like to teach anyone who asks me how to do one. But I have no use, regrettably, for those you send me if you wish me to use them in place of my own. I do resent in letters received the word "tricky" in connection with our DCs. I do try to be honest with you at the expense often of time consumed in hunting for the *fair* word; but you must realize that in this fifteenth year of composing DCs and no longer finding words in my own head I use those I can find for my purpose from authoritative sources. I never promised you that my DC words should fit into your *speaking* vocabularies.

It hurts me not to quote by name from your many clever letters, but space doesn't permit. Among those DCers I have met this year, no one gave me more pleasure than Miss Alva Long, Columbia, S. C., in New York for the Herald Tribune Forum, who gave me a part of her evening. Won't others do the same?

At this season of the year I like to remind puzzlers in the vicinity of New York City of the advantage of treating themselves to a useful and, of all things in these days, reasonably priced gift, membership in the Mercantile Library, 17 East 47th St., especially for the mailing privileges, so indispensable in these hurried times. I do this of my own accord!

—ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY.



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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 770

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

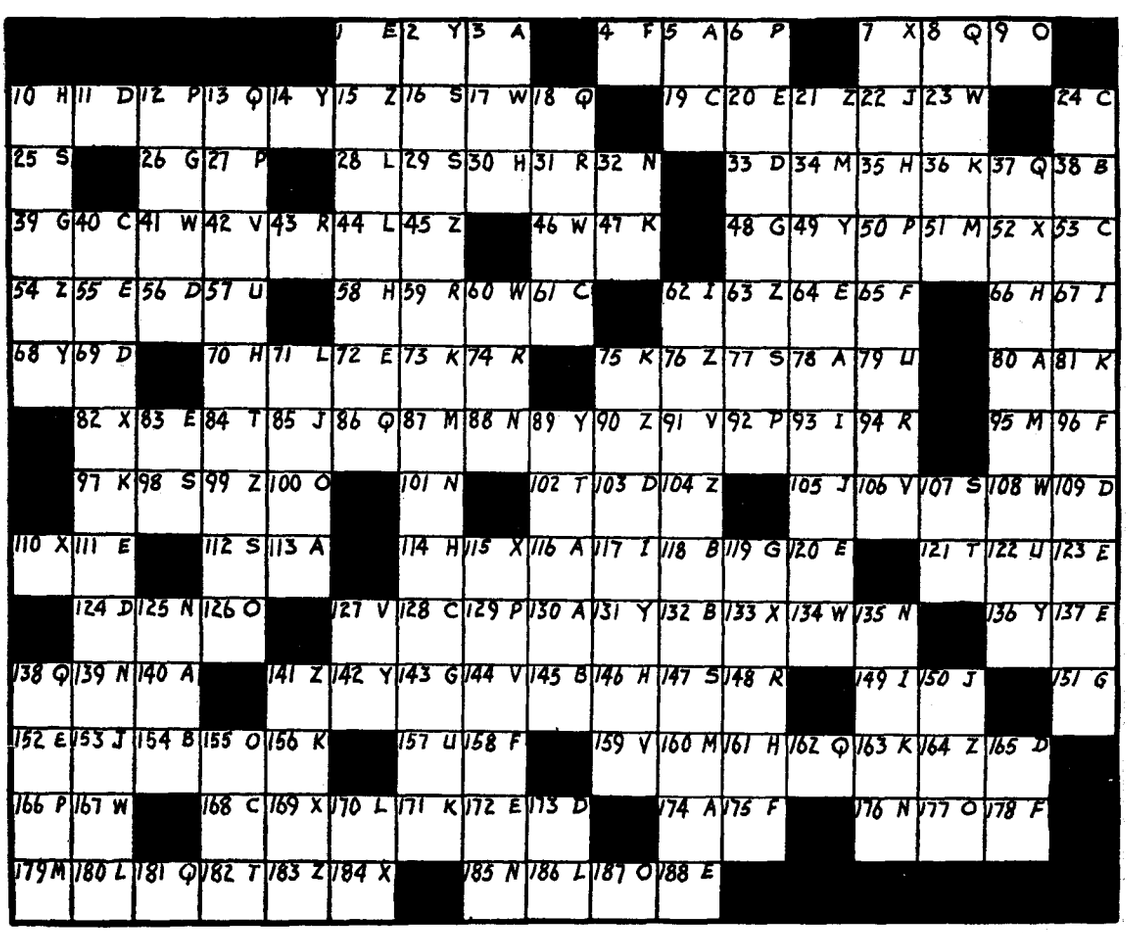
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Shakespearean expression for one who is very argumentative (2 wds.).	78 5 80 130 3 113 140 174 116
B. To enlarge by additions, as on account (2 wds.).	38 145 132 118 154
C. Pertaining to a group of eight.	168 19 61 128 53 24 40
D. A deformed and scurrilous Greek in "Troilus and Cressida" (Shakespeare).	69 11 103 33 165 56 124 109 173
E. Topsy-turvy (3 wds.).	20 120 137 123 111 83 64 152 172 55 72 1 188
F. The Abyssinian banana.	178 175 158 96 4 65
G. To tear asunder (2 wds.).	119 26 151 39 48 143
H. A remarkable or noteworthy sight.	146 114 30 10 58 161 35 66 70
I. Founder of the Salvation Army.	149 93 67 117 62
J. Appellation of an ornamental spruce from eastern Asia.	150 22 105 85 153
K. Largest of the Canary Islands (var. sp.).	75 163 97 156 73 36 81 47 171
L. Brought a vessel to lie motionless except for drift (2 wds.).	170 180 71 44 28 186
M. To keep clear of.	34 87 179 160 51 95

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Himalayan peak, Mt. Everest group, 24,730 ft. high.	88 125 101 139 185 176 135 32
O. Stew made in the forecastle from manavelins (naut. slang).	177 187 9 100 155 126
P. Filling up; supplementary (music).	12 92 129 50 6 27 166
Q. Endangers.	13 181 37 86 162 138 8 18
R. Uproar or disturbance (slang).	31 59 43 94 148 74
S. Middle name of Successor to Grant as commander of the Army, 1869.	112 98 107 77 16 25 147 29
T. American educator (1796-1859; Hall of Fame, 1900).	182 121 102 84
U. "Sacred river" of "Kubla Khan."	157 122 57 79
V. Changes the place, position, or direction of.	91 127 106 144 42 159
W. American Civil War battle, May 31–June 1, 1862 (2 wds.).	167 17 41 23 46 60 108 134
X. Name of thirteen popes.	115 184 52 7 82 133 110 169
Y. Impulses or tendencies to laugh.	49 142 14 131 136 2 89 68
Z. To retract what one has said (3 wds.).	21 63 15 76 90 99 45 104 183 164 141 54

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE INNKEEPER'S CAT

THE cat climbed into blazing night
along the palm's elliptic stem,
a speck in overwhelming light,
to prowl the roofs of Bethlehem.

Midnight was chill, so he crawled
back
by the inn stable where he knew
warm creatures slept, but through a
crack
strange radiance made him pause
and mew.

A man as splendid as a king
opened the door and let him in;
he saw the gold, he heard them sing,
his fur got prickly on his skin.

He could not hum the hymns he heard,
nor mumble prayers, but in caress,
he tiptoed to the Child and purred,
and rubbed against His Mother's
dress.

—ULRICH TROUBETZKOY.

* * *

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

I went out into the argent evening:
It seemed a moment we were cool,
unbothered.
Wordsworth and I, fed up with our
own scrivening,
Felt fractious earth was being nursed
and mothered.
Yes, it seemed the world was less for-
lorn:
Sextons, on stony knees, were dusting
pews,
Appeased that Christ and rheumatism
were born—
And then some philistine turned on
The News.
I heard old Satan blow his wreathèd
corn.
Who trades my holy night for rented
air?
Free Enterprise? cathartics? or gents'
wear?
Shall life with lather, or some cream
for hair
Bejitter me?
Cross fingers, hope to die;
Look up and see, how many light-
years high,*
Orion strolling, backward, through the
sky.

Counsel me, Star Kings, in my brief
moment?
Wordsworth and Orion said, No Com-
ment.

—BARCLAY HALL.

* According to Lecky: "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation" (BETELGEUSE) (alpha Orionis) is distant about 148 light-years. We see it now. I suppose, as it was when the "Lyrical Ballads" were published?

* * *

SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

Why dance bands stop
I'll never know
Just when I start talking
Fortissimo.

—B. JO KINNICK.

* * *

The spring issue of *Voices: A Journal of Verse*, to be edited by Howard Griffin and a co-editor, will be partly given over to poetry by ex-GIs. Their original poetry will not necessarily be that written during the last war, but afterward. Manuscripts should be sent to Howard Griffin, 401 Fulton Street, Westbury, N. Y. It is to be hoped that one or two prizes may be offered and those who care to make contributions to this fund may send them to Harold Vinal, 687 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. This same issue will also be open to other contributions, which may be sent to Mr. Griffin at the above address.

* * *

BALLAD OF EUDORA

Eudora, a hellion, brash and fair,
clean as a breath of mountain air,
lithe as a sapling growing up,
had a tongue that could chip a porce-
lain cup;
her face was warm as an April day
telling the earth Spring's come to
stay,
and her hips were wide enough to
hold
generations manifold.

Eudora's youth was a shameful riot.
She came naturally by it.
Folks, predicting she'd end in shame,
clucked dispraise about her name;
but she, like a heifer who charges
fences
and sees stars splatter about her
senses,
shook off gossip when young men
were
pillars of flame because of her.

Eudora knew what there was to
know:
the earthy pulse of the way things go;
her throbbing blood like a singing
choir
divinely caroling her heart's desire.

In church when the young men sidled
past her,
what if the minister preached disaster
as he thumped on the lectern till the
oak stand shook
with his thumping as he quoted from
The Holy Book!

Eudora's flesh didn't thrive on prayer:
her soft dove's eyes went everywhere;
and everywhere for a breathless
second
a young man hoped it was he she
beckoned;
the oldsters grinned, but the women
loosed
invective on a chit who'd come home
to roost
as a daughter-in-law, The Lord for-
bid!
Sure as God made apples, Eudora did!

Not a hand-me-down, but the likeliest
fellow
Eudora picked for her marriage pil-
low;
the likes of her had the gall to choose
an up-and-coming farmer with the
liveliest thews;
a proper man, she had snared him
proper,
with many to warn him and no one
to stop her,
for he was a man and a woman was
she,—
a white birch leaning on a maple tree.

—I. L. SALOMON.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Taylor: "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." 2. Fitzgerald: "Rubaiyat." 3. Watts: "How Doth the Little Busy Bee." 4. Byron: "Destruction of Sennacherib." 5. Longfellow: "Hiawatha." 6. Hemans: "Casabianca." 7. Scott: "Lay of the Last Minstrel." 8. Burns: "John Anderson." 9. Cook: "The Old Arm Chair." 10. Moore: "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls." 11. Moore: "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer." 12. Proctor: "The Lost Chord." 13. Poe: "The Bells." 14. Gilbert: "Patience." 15. Longfellow: "A Psalm of Life." 16. Goldsmith: "When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly." 17. Wordsworth: "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways." 18. Gray: "Elegy." 19. Hunt: "Jenny Kissed Me." 20. Scott: "Patriotism."

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IMPRESSIONS

UNLESS present portents are grossly in error, the long-standing ban on new recordings will be lifted before these observations appear in print. The irony of it all may be that the men who found their holiday season disrupted last year by emergency recording in anticipation of the ban may now find a similar situation in the wake of its removal.

If anyone can point out any way in which a year's cessation of recording has benefited either labor or management in this dispute, or any single way in which a concession of value has been wrung from one side or the other, I will be the first to agree that it served some useful purpose. The musicians are returning to work—if not immediately, whenever they do—under a wage agreement no different from that which obtained before.

The manufacturers will pay a royalty of some sort into a welfare fund of some sort, exactly as they did before. It will not be administered by President Petrillo, but by a trustee acceptable to both labor and management. Since management is content with the status quo, and not much concerned with the spending of the money it pays into this fund, the probability is that it will continue to serve much the same function as it did before—as an evidence of Petrillo's interest in his unemployed duespayers—whether you explain it on grounds that are sociological, technicological, or merely illogical.

The only party to the dispute not represented in the settlement is the public. It has no voice in decisions though its outlay is the only factor concerned in the haggling. It is not consulted on the justice of a work cessation, though that cessation has taken a whole year from the recording span of Arturo Toscanini, deprived us of a host of performances which were prepared for public hearing in that time and would, in the normal course of events, have been preserved in recorded form. Years may elapse before they are duplicated, and some may be gone forever.

The trustee, whoever he may be whenever he is appointed, should bear in mind that recordings, though made and sold for a profit, are as much a public utility as telephones or railroads.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

JANUARY 1949

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Broadway's Ben Britten

IRVING KOLODIN

FIGURATIVE representations of artistic worth are by no means easy to come by, but it may be said that a composer with one foot on Broadway and the other in the Metropolitan Opera House is as close to a musical colossus as our time has recently produced. Note the likeness, then, of this description to the English Benjamin Britten, whose "Rape of Lucretia" is imminent at the Ziegfeld Theatre, and whose "Peter Grimes" will soon be seen at the Metropolitan for the second consecutive season (the first contemporary work to be accorded that honor in a score of years).

The last time an old inhabitant can recall something even nearly similar concerns the premiere of "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was shown, in competitive haste, at a theatre just before the opera premiere. Perhaps there was a Herbert operetta running when his "Natoma" was given in distant 1914. But for this generation, in any case, Britten's honor is a singular one.

There are those who will relish the allusion to Mascagni and his "Cavalleria," for they are the ones who make a point of linking "successful" with "commercial" in discussing the response which Britten's works have won in his own land, in Europe, and even here. But if Mascagni is a second- or third-hand inheritor of the Italian traditions of Bellini and Donizetti, Verdi and Rossini, who are Britten's English progenitors? Perhaps the English who have had a chance to study Vaughan Williams's "Hugh the Drover," the "Village Romeo and Juliet" of Delius, or "Judith" by Eugene Goossens would answer with the name of one of these. But to those of us denied that opportunity, Britten must appear a solitary phenomenon, and a rather remarkable one.

In the sequence of his works, "The Rape" is a successor to "Peter Grimes," and, in most ways, a work both more successful and musically more sophisticated. "Grimes," of course, we have had ample opportunity to hear at the Metropolitan, on the radio, and previously in the Berkshires; but my knowledge of "The Rape—at this moment—is the product of an experience which any reader of this magazine can share: the substantially complete recording made of the Glyndebourne Festival performance of 1946, in which such phono-famous personages as Peter Pears, Nancy Evans, Joan Cross, and Norman Walker participated under the direction of Reginald Goodall, with the composer as supervisor (HMV C3699/706).

For students of antiquity (a category to which I do not aspire) Ronald Duncan's libretto based on André Obey's "Le Voil de Lucrèce" will be somewhat puzzling. He has surrounded the celebrated incident of Tarquinius and Lucretia, dating from 500 years before Christ, with a framework of Christian ethics and morality. This is a liberty which some have censured as both confusing and unnecessary; but if it served to strengthen the playwright's sense of the drama, or to vitalize the whole incident in the composer's mind (which it plainly did), the anachronism may be indulged.

A sketch of the action, which is divided into two acts, would touch upon the following details. As the opera begins, Rome is under the domination of the Etruscans, of whom the dominant figure is Tarquinius. With his legions he is encamped outside Rome en route to do battle with the Greeks, pursuing that kind of war, the chorus comments, "in which kings use a foreign threat to hide a local evil." With him are Junius and Collatinus, fellow generals but Romans. As the conversation among the military tends to do, the subject is women. The despicable ones are castigated, but they are in agreement that the most admirable is Lucretia, wife of Collatinus. Of her virtue there is no doubt. But Tarquinius is skeptical. Can she be that unapproachable, he reflects? He determines to find out.

When the camp is quiet, he is off, in a ride vividly described by orchestra and voice. Surely the flowing Tiber will turn him back. But he is undeterred, storming into the home of his brother-in-arms as Lucretia, with her attendants Lucia and Bianca, are about to retire. "He claims Lucretia's hospitality. He says his horse is lame," reads the script. When all are at rest, the rape ensues. Lucretia resists but is overcome. Between curtains time passes, and the dawn arrives as Tarquinius departs. He has scarcely left when Junius and Collatinus come in search of him. They find a Lucretia humbled and despairing, dressed in the purple of mourning. The incident of the night recounted, she stabs herself; and the ravagement of her fragile beauty becomes a symbol by which Rome is to be rescued from the tyrants.

AKSEL SCHIOTZ, who was the alternate tenor lead with Peter Pears in the original production, recounts that at a reception in Edinburgh the cast was greeted by the Queen Mother Mary, who had attended the evening's performance. Circumstances placed him next to the composer in the receiving line, and he overheard the sovereign, after complimenting Britten for his success, add: "But what, Mr. Britten, ever made you choose such a subject?" In the fluster of the moment, Britten answered truthfully.

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but somewhat without premeditation: "I have been fascinated by the story ever since I was a boy." This, says Schiotz, obviously shocked Her Grace even more than "Rape" itself.

However, its fascination for the composer is apparent in the setting. Like "Grimes" it is a tale in which there are inviting contrasts of violence and tenderness. In "Grimes" it is provided by the bedeviled Peter, who beats his apprentices and causes their death, contrasted with the gentle Ellen Orford, who would redeem him. In "The Rape" it is the barbarian Tarquinius and the infinitely appealing Lucretia. The appeal for the composer is synthesized by the music he has written, for the striking accomplishment of this score is the interlude depicting the ride of Tarquinius to the home of Lucretia—a careening, impetuous bit of tone-painting. Its closest competitor, in quality, is the episode immediately thereafter, in which the tranquillity and peace of that home are depicted with the slightest kind of means, but with a mastery of them altogether compelling.

In contrast to "Grimes," which utilizes a huge Wagnerian orchestra, choral masses, and principals by the dozen, "The Rape" is scored for a dozen players. Economy, both musical and physical, is pursued to the extent of a single flute player who doubles on piccolo and bass flute, an oboist who also plays English horn, a conductor who plays piano chords for the recitative à la Mozart. The principals are limited to the six already mentioned—three male and three female. But even superior in importance are the solo tenor and alto, who are termed Male Chorus and Female Chorus (Pears and Schiotz, Joan Cross and Flora Nielsen in the original). They serve the familiar function of such elements, developing the background of the action and commenting on it as it occurs.

HOW all this may fare in the theatre is pure speculation; a few incongruous details of production, a lag in the quality of a key performer might be fatal. For that matter the chamber orchestra, with the virtuosity required of each member—not excluding the conductor—could be the Achilles heel of such an enterprise. But as presented in the ideal performance of these records, there is consistent interest in everything that is heard.

As it comes from the records it confirms a trend of Britten's previous work which, if not crucial in importance, is a notable asset—a quality, with apologies for the word, we might call "phonogenic." It "sounds" from the disc, it makes sense of a musical kind, it presents none of the lingering sense of unhappiness one has with some other contemporary music in which the record is a pallid image of the original. This is no criterion of quality, but it is an aid to understanding.

I have found this consistently true in a recent review of all Britten's recorded works (available here either in domestic issues or importations). Among them are such diverse creations as "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," the "Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Orchestra," the "Grimes" seascapes—one may choose between interpretations of Sargent and Van Beinum—the Second String Quartet in C, the "Introduction and Rondo alla Burlesca" for two pianos, the fine "Ceremony of Carols," or the "Matinées Musicales" interpreted with such zest by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra.

So far as my ear is witness, Britten, musically speaking, is a thorough eclectic. If he has, in this thirty-fifth year of his life, a predilection for the works of any particular predecessor, it is not known to me. His is possibly the least doctrinaire music being written by any prominent contemporary, without servility to any dogma but self-expression. Frank Bridge, as most know, was his master, but he was uncommonly successful in teaching Britten the fundamentals of musical expression without corrupting what seems to have been, from the first, a remarkable native gift.

In his early works—such as the "Sinfonia da Requiem" and the Violin Concerto—I remember a striving for a bigness of utterance not inherent in that gift. Some of that pretense finds its way, too, into "Grimes" and "The Rape," where, one occasionally feels, he is trying to do more with words and music than is humanly possible—or at least, Brittenly possible. But these are winning weaknesses, faults of aspiration rather than resignation, well within the framework of what Aaron Copland has called his "breathtaking" facility. We suspect they will be written out of Britten, as he progresses in the line of every worth-while creator from complexity to simplicity. As between one artisan and another, the rest of Copland's encomium is worth noting: "He combines an absolutely solid technical equipment with a reckless freedom in handling the more complex compositional textures." Specifically of "The Rape," he continues: "The whole thing is carried off with an abandon and verve which are irresistible."

Those of us who cannot derive such impressions from the mere printed page, as Copland can, will mark up one more debt of gratitude to the British Council, whose sponsorship made these records a reality. It is services such as these which encourage us to believe that the phonograph is not merely a toy or a diversion, but a form of communication in itself. Our "commercial" industry might well consider more of the same enterprise which brought Menotti's "Medium" and "The Telephone" into existence, or the Thomson-Stein "Four Saints."

—*Vandamm.*

My Favorite Records

Katharine Cornell, America's First Lady of the stage, compiled this list of phonographic preferences just before sailing for England. Miss Cornell is a Myra Hess fan. "My idea of perfection," she told us, "would be a recording of the performance which Miss Hess did on the air two winters ago with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony." Pending this happy event, Miss Cornell will settle for "Carnaval" or "any other album or single record of Myra Hess." Further on the subject of needed recordings, the noted actress would welcome a waxing of Virgil Thomson's music for "The River."

BRAHMS: *"Variations on a Theme of Haydn." Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic.*

BERLIOZ: *"Harold in Italy." Primrose and Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky.*

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 3. Koussevitsky and Boston Symphony.*

PURCELL: *"Trumpet Prelude." Stokowski and Hollywood Bowl Orchestra.*

THOMSON: *"The Plow That Broke the Plains." Stokowski and Hollywood Bowl Orchestra.*

SCHUBERT: *"Trout" Quintet. Schnabel and Pro Arte members.*

SCHUBERT: *Trio No. 1 in B flat. Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Feuermann.*

BACH: *Brandenburg Concerti. Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony.*

SHOSTAKOVITCH: *Piano Quintet. Vivian Rivkin and Stuyvesant Quartet.*

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Records Without Recording

A Chronicle of Phonographic History in 1948

JANUARY: Recorders conclude last-minute waxing sessions as Petrillo ban goes into effect. Effort reported to have produced three-year supply of discs. . . . Toscanini recordings of Schubert C major and Mozart "Haffner" symphonies issued. . . . Complete Chopin "Etudes" appear in Brailowsky interpretation. . . . Petrillo appears before Congressional committee, defends record stoppage.

FEBRUARY: Communist Party denounces Khachaturian and other famous Soviet composers. . . . Columbia issues "The Medium" and "The Telephone," first complete works by an American writer of opera to be recorded. . . . Robert Shaw directs Bach "Magnificat" for RCA Victor.

MARCH: "Now Is the Hour" and Gracie Fields serve to establish London records in U. S. market. . . . Columbia announces that Madeleine Gray "Chants d'Auvergne" discs will be restored to catalogue. . . . Italo Tajo makes U. S. disc debut with album of previously unrecorded Mozart concert arias.

APRIL: First domestic Tagliavini records noted in best-seller status. . . . RCA Victor issues Handel's "Messiah" directed by Beecham. . . . Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance" becomes a household fixture. . . . Capitol introduces "Nature Boy."

MAY: Full-scale Metropolitan Opera recording of "La Boheme" released by Columbia. . . . Wartime German Electrola waxing of "St. Matthew Passion" available in U. S. for first time, on English pressings. . . . "Sabre Dance" invades the juke boxes. . . . Decca announces "Songs of Our Times" series.

JUNE: "Nature Boy" catches on. . . . Cetra recording of Mozart Requiem brings name of Victor de Sabata to attention of American discophiles. . . . Sales slump causes Columbia to close Ohio plant. . . . RCA Victor offers new recording technique (similar to ffrr) in Tchaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty" music conducted by Stokowski. . . . "Songs of Our Times" goes into best-seller lists. . . . AFM drops plan to manufacture records.

JULY: Columbia announces LP, a microgrooved record which plays for forty-five minutes. . . . Two complete versions of the Brahms "German Requiem" suddenly fill an old hiatus in record literature. . . . Furtwängler returns to record lists accompanying Menuhin in HMV recording of Beethoven Violin Concerto. . . . Third edition of Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia published.

AUGUST: Record business in doldrums. . . . First major recording of music by Charles Ives comes to hand with Ralph Kirkpatrick's playing of "Concord Sonata." . . . Soviet violin virtuoso, David Oistrakh, makes U. S. record debut.

SEPTEMBER: Petrillo offers formula to end ban. Bootleg record making in defiance of AFM said to be on increase. Major companies recording orchestral backgrounds in Europe . . . . Columbia issues "Chants d'Auvergne." . . . Mercury Records demonstrate new domestic recording technique in Vaughan Williams Oboe Concerto. . . .

OCTOBER: Negotiations begun between Petrillo and major record manufacturers. . . . Large shipment of English Decca records includes performances of Debussy's "Iberia" and Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms," by Münch and Ansermet respectively. . . . Eileen Farrell heard in Wagner "Wesendonck Songs" aided and abetted by Stokowski.

NOVEMBER: Record companies and Petrillo reach agreement. Lifting of ban awaits Justice Department ruling on legality of adopted formula. . . . First issue of newly established Medtner Society available in America. . . . Columbia releases "L'Enfant et Les Sortilèges" by Ravel and the "Grande Messe des Morts" of Berlioz, both previously unrecorded.

DECEMBER: Resumption of recording activity expected. . . . Rumors heard that RCA Victor plans to introduce cheap seven-inch paper record requiring special player. . . . Beecham conducts first recording of Richard Strauss's "Elektra" for RCA. . . . Columbia issues phonographic montage of recent history entitled "I Can Hear It Now." . . . Complete "Samson et Dalila" and many vocal singles herald opening of opera season. . . . RCA Victor reports intention to reinstate "Gurrelieder" to catalogue.

"I think I'll browse through the Buxtehude Cantata now."

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Reviews of the Month

What seemed impossible twelve months ago—namely, a year of uninterrupted releases even though there has been no domestic recording in that time—has come and passed with more evidence of a feast than a famine. Among the products of the "ice box" in this December are a new Strauss "Zarathustra," a first recording of the Bartók "Concerto for Orchestra," a reissue of Mendelssohn's "Italian," a Brahms quartet from Mercury, and a limitless miscellany. The imports from Europe speak for themselves.

Also Sprach Rodzinski

STRAUSS: *"Also Sprach Zarathustra." Artur Rodzinski conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1258, $7.25.)

Note, as a peculiarity of contemporary record literature, that this is the third version of Strauss's pontifications à la Nietzsche to be made anywhere in the world, and all three of them originated in this country. For a further oddity, the Chicago Symphony, which plays it, made one of the two previous versions (the Stock, of course, for Columbia). There can be no doubt that this is the best version to date.

Rodzinski has an admirable hand for Strauss, as his recorded catalogue shows; "Heldenleben," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Salome's Dance," and the "Rosenkavalier" waltzes all attesting, in varying degrees of intensity, to such skill. My feeling is that it has a good deal to do with the Doctor's ability to make an orchestra play euphoniously and with all the choirs in balance. The Strauss scoring being what it is, the results are bound, almost inevitably, to be ear-filling. Furthermore, since there is scarcely such a thing as a "Rodzinski" personality, the abundance of personality in Strauss is ample to go around.

Having recently heard the work, with no great enthusiasm, in a performance by Mitropoulos, I am astonished to discover how much vitality and logic it possesses in these records. I am convinced that the program of "Heldenleben" would fit it almost as closely as its own, and vice versa, but there is much in it that is musically magnificent and orchestrally *sui generis*. For Rodzinski's portion in this enlightenment, a bow of thanks. The recording, to me, has more of the clear resonance of ffrr than any other domestic one I have heard, and, without qualifications of any kind, a brilliant job. Like the Koussevitzky, it uses nine sides (Stock managed in eight), with a welcome playing of the prelude to Act III of "Tristan" on the tenth side.

The Twilight of a God

BARTÓK: *"Concerto for Orchestra." Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 793, $8.50; and ML 4102, $4.85.)

The remarkable group of works which Bartók wrote in the twilight of his career—between 1942 and 1945, when he was a refugee in this country—is likely to have the unconventional effect of winning an audience for him which will presumably then be drawn to his earlier, supposedly less "advanced" works. In succession to the piano concerto played by Gyorgy Sandor (issued by Columbia in 1947) this score acquaints us with a Bartók of almost joyous vitality and musical inventiveness.

Another composer might have termed this work a "Suite," or "Divertimento" perhaps; Bartók's choice of "concerto" defines the character of the writing, in which choirs and solo instruments are systematically treated in a virtuoso manner against a concertante of the other choirs. It is further defined in the treatment of Reiner, who clarifies the composer's purpose with a magnificent sense of contrast and balance. Nor is either the verve or the eloquence of its sections slighted. The reproduction is remarkably successful. For those debating an LP purchase, the comparison of prices noted above should be thought-provoking.

Fritz Reiner—"A magnificent sense of contrast and balance."

Classic Vocal Art

MENTEVERDI: *"Arianna" ("Lament"). Gabriella Gatti, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Alfredo Simenetto.* (Cetra album 112, $4.73.)

As a fount of remarkable voices, Cetra continues to flow with the liquid sounds of Gabriella Gatti, in succession to Tagliavini, Stignani, Tajo, and Tassinari. Here it is the means of acquaintance with one remarkable piece of music (the "Lament" of Arianna from Monteverdi's early opera), one seldom heard (an excerpt from "Oberon"), and one more routine item from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" ("Morro ma prima in grazia").

Gatti, now in her early thirties, is a Muzio-type soprano; that is to say, one of rather darkish timber, but without that pronounced vibrato in the voice which made such singers as Cigna, of recent Italian crop, unpleasant to non-Latin ears. The majestic phrases of Monteverdi, with their long line and lack of ornamentation, are more eloquently heard in this version than in the earlier one by Pinza with piano accompaniment.

Actually the rich luster of the voice is even more clearly evident in the "Oberon" excerpt ("Traure, mein Herz" is its original designation in Act III of the opera), where the microphone sounds at closer range, in a more favorable pick-up relationship. The lack of effort in the singing, the beautiful soaring quality of the sound, is a joy to hear.

The Health of Haydn

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 96, in D. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (English Decca album 84. $7.35.)

By the time Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra arrive in this country for their awaited visit (supposedly soon after the first of the year) he will be less an unknown quantity than an old friend. To the list of composers—Stravinsky, Britten, Berlioz, among others—for which his flair is already known to us, may now be added the Haydn of this magnificent symphony, which bears the appropriate subtitle of "The Miracle."

Its qualities are by no means unknown to phonograph fanciers, for the RCA Victor catalogue has long contained a version by Bruno Walter and

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the Vienna Philharmonic. However, it is almost a revelation of a new work to hear it in this crystalline playing and recording, in which the integral interplay of winds and strings may be heard at their proper definition. Flutes and bassoon, clarinets and oboe, have a merry time at their work, in a kind of intellectual hide and seek with the strings. Crispness and definition are organized by Van Beinum with a vigorous enthusiasm that makes the health of Haydn a tonic to the musical ear. "Charm" is a weak word to assign for the superb variations of the slow movement, unless we remember that, as a verb, it does mean "to magnetize" or "cast a spell."

Mozart à la Mode

MOZART: *Concerto in D, No. 4. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.* (RCA Victor album 1267, $4.75.)

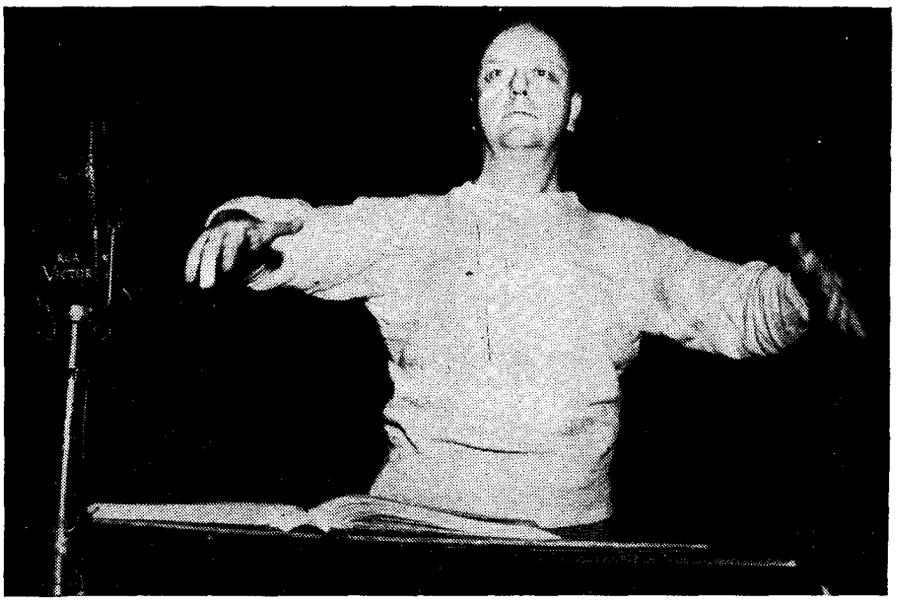
MOZART: *Symphony in G, No. 27, etc. Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic.* (RCA Victor album 1254, $6.)

It was, in the very first issue of this publication a year and a half ago, our scarcely pleasant duty to hold the critical mirror up to the nature of Jascha Heifetz's playing of both parts of the D minor double concerto of Bach. We had no reason then to suspect there would ever be so eloquent an apologia from his hand as his playing here of this Mozart concerto; but we welcome it in kind, with the thought that bygones may be bygones.

In his year of absence from the American concert stage Heifetz has followed a sure instinct in refreshing his musicianship at the wellspring of such a purist as Beecham. He knows completely of what the essential Heifetz is capable, and he has incited him to a performance which may well bring glory to both their names. If "à la mode" suggests a serving of something with an unexpected added ingredient, this is it. A superb recording.

As a link with the foregoing, the Mozart No. 27, in the current "Music of the Eighteenth Century" album directed by Beecham serves its purpose. However, it is neither a strong nor a winning piece of work. Far more notable are the Paisiello ("Nina Pazza per Amore") and Mehul ("Les Deux Aveugles de Tolede") overtures. They are fascinating in substance, irresistible in execution. No thoughtful host should be without them, as he would not be without wine or water.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Virgil Thomson "paid the only compliment a composer could pay."

Pigeons on the Grass

THOMSON: *"Four Saints in Three Acts." Virgil Thomson conducting soloists, double chorus, and orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1244, $7.25.)

On February 8, 1934, at the Avery Memorial Theatre of the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut—and twelve days later at what was then New York's Forty-fourth Street Theatre—a gay, historic, and incredible event happened. From a Gertrude Stein text first published in 1929 in *transition*, Maurice Grosser had painstakingly prepared a viable scenario. Virgil Thomson, then not well known to most of his countrymen, had set that scenario to music as an opera. With utterly fantastic and beautiful décor and costumes by Florine Stettheimer, choreography by Frederick Ashton, and production by John Houseman, an all-Negro cast had entirely caught the spirit of Stein and Thomson. In fact, the performers added to the occasion a dignity and sheer physical excitement all their own.

"Four Saints in Three Acts" was gay. It has proved to be historic. What was incredible was that audiences greeted it with something close to rapture. Those happy people who attended one of the performances in Hartford, New York, or Chicago still discuss the whole as a perfect musico-theatrical creation. It has taken "Four Saints" more than fourteen years to reach purchasable records.

In this recording of a condensed version of his opera Virgil Thomson conducts an all-Negro cast in which the leading roles of St. Theresa I, St. Ignatius, St. Stephen, St. Plan, the Commère and the Compère are sung by veterans of the original production. There are really, you see, about thirty saints in four acts, and some of them are new. All of them, old and new, sing Miss Stein's words as though they made as much logical sense as, say, Scribe's or Wagner's (they do), treating them with complete respect and simple gravity. The Compère, the Commère, and most of the Saints have rich, free voices, which have been superbly recorded, as have the orchestra and chorus. The whole moves clearly forward, with celerity and verisimilitude.

There is no use, of course, in arguing with well-intentioned people who believe that the Gertrude Stein text does not make sense. It is kinder, to be sure, not to attempt any disturbance of that comforting belief. All that is lost through it is the ability to realize how closely Virgil Thomson's light, always vital, and perfectly serious music clothes that sense. The marriage is as binding, in fact, as that of Da Ponte and Mozart or Boïto and Verdi, and the result as lively. Mr. Thomson, this is to say, paid the words Miss Stein used in building her picture of the religious life the only compliment a composer could pay: he set them so that each syllable can be sung and understood. Had he believed them to lack cogeny or logic he might—he is a man perfectly capable of such criticism—have set them so that they could not have been heard at all.

For those who know the score of "Four Saints" it ought to be reported at once that all the greatest moments are here. St. Theresa I, beautifully realized by Beatrice Robinson-Wayne, still sings her great interrupted solo, "There are a great many persons and places near together." Her outburst

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 49 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Quartet No. 3, in C minor. M. Horszowski, piano, with A. Schneider, violin, M. Katims, viola, and Frank Miller, cello. Mercury album 9, $6.56.	A gap filled in the recorded catalogue of Brahms (domestic) by a performance of sober merits rather than overwhelming distinctions. Horszowski is an efficient balance wheel for the ensemble, which is completely competent, if somewhat matter of fact. Good broad recording, in the modern manner; surfaces the best being pressed in America.
Chopin: Preludes. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor album 1260, $6.	Beautiful playing, in a rather concerty style, which leaves the versions both of Petri and Cortot with a difference of style which is also a distinction of treatment. Sonorous, well balanced recording.
Gounod: "Faust" ballet music. City of Birmingham Orchestra conducted by George Weldon. Columbia album MX-304, $3.50.	Worth having for the seldom-played "Walpurgis Nacht" scene usually omitted from performances of the opera. Weldon is an admirable workman, and his orchestra is equal to most of ours. The familiar "Kermesse" waltz introduces the excerpts.
Debussy: "L'Après-midi d'un faune." Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia 12917, $1.25.	As an impressionist, Ormandy had a success with Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue" which he has rarely had elsewhere. There is the same feeling for color here, but less sensitivity in applying it. Superb work by the orchestra and engineers.
Handel: "Royal Fireworks" music. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the National Symphony Orchestra. Decca album 64, $5.25.	Spacious playing of the Harty transcriptions (four sides' worth) of the overture, siciliano, menuet, and bourrée. The orchestra is not impressive, but Sargent is.
Liszt: Sonata in B minor. Gyorgy Sandor, piano. Columbia album 786, $4.75.	Piano playing of a steely brilliance and clangor hard to believe; some suggestion that the microphone was not only beside the piano, but in it. Opening section somewhat over-dramatized, rushed, with technical inaccuracies. Thereafter, a well-considered, admirably phrased playing, which does not, however, win me away from the old Horowitz—which might usefully be reissued in an up-to-date recording.
Mendelssohn: Symphony in A ("Italian"). Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1259, $4.75.	An uncommon instance of a reissue of a standard version of a work which is improved by more than recording fidelity. Meticulous wonderfully animated playing, perfect in detail and sum.
Mozart: Quartet in D minor, K. 421. Griller Quartet. Decca album 75, $9.45.	Authoritative work by the Grillers, but a little lacking in bite and intensity. Ffrr tends to magnify individual instruments, so that cohesion of quartet is spread. Superbly played andante, in definitely reserved style. I prefer the Budapest version of prewar issue.
Moussorgsky: "Boris Godounow" ("Clock Scene," "Monologue," Act II, and "Farewell.") Feodor Chaliapin, basso. RCA Victor Heritage Series 15-1043/4, $5.	Unlike most other items in the "Heritage" series, these records were listed in catalogues of fairly recent date, at the usual prices. They are impressive, of course, and the quiet surface is a help; but they could sound as well on the proper kind of shellac, with appropriately less cost. Oddly enough both records I received were the 1928 "Monologue" though the envelopes read as noted. Bellezza was the conductor.
Rachmaninoff: Sonata in G minor, Opus 19. Edmund Kurtz, cello, with William Kapell, piano. RCA Victor album 1261, $6.	The Rachmaninoff melos at rather generous length. An able playing in which Kapell is not at all reticent with the showy piano part. Not previously available in America and well-accomplished for those who welcome any extension of the Rachmaninoff catalogue.
Scarlatti: Six Sonatas. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor album 1262, $3.50.	With the exception of Longo No. 33, in B minor, none of these are duplications of works already recorded by American sources. The numbers are 25, 27, 209, 430, and 483, all from the Longo catalogue. Among them the one outstanding performance is No. 209, a toccata-like work which finds, in Horowitz's fingers, a fortunate match for its qualities. Otherwise the sounds he produces are a little aggressive in substance for the scope of this music with a romantic coloration in Nos. 33 and 430 which are a little beside the point. Fine clean recording.
Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty" excerpts. The Covent Garden Orchestra directed by Constant Lambert. Columbia album MX 302, $3.50.	Aside from the "Red Riding Hood" music, most of these six excerpts are unfamiliar to those who are dependent on the Basil-derived ballet scores for their knowledge of this music. The titles are "Panorama," "Pages' Dance," a solo of Aurora, "Vision Scene," and "March." Sturdy direction by Lambert, with fine orchestral detail in the playing, an acute reflection of it in the recording.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in B flat minor. Oscar Levant, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia album 785, $6.25; and ML 4096, $4.85.	Erraticism is the besetting sin of this performance, which is technically spotty and musically uneven. Some of the big bravura passages are dispatched with facility, but others are over-pedaled and blurred. Nor is the piano tone more than piano tone. The ensemble with orchestra is well-maintained, and there is a thoughtful attention to details of the original score at some unexpected points. However, occasional melodic phrases are distorted for an emphasis that approaches the sentimental. A better recording than the recent Rubinstein, but otherwise inferior to it in authority and pianistic control. A Rachmaninoff Prelude (in G) is well played on the final side. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Basic Record Library—Mozart: Instrumental Works

CONCERTOS (continued)

Two Pianos and Orchestra

In E flat, K.365. Performances of this work are wholly family ones: either the father-son Schnabels, the brother-sister Iturbis, or the husband-wife Babins. The last of these is the most recent in the market (postwar, that is), but I find it a little glossy and insubstantial for the music, though well achieved within its predetermined area (Columbia). The Iturbis are no more profound and less well-sounding (RCA Victor); leaving Schnabel and Son as the preferable firm for this transaction. It is hardly as good as the names would suggest, but it is reasonably satisfying. Boult is the conductor, the London Symphony the orchestra (RCA Victor).

Three Pianos and Orchestra

In D, K.242. A second-rate effort, not worthy of recorded permanence. Presumably it was made by Columbia because its team of Vronsky and Babin (assisted by Rosina Lhevinne) performed the work under its present conductor, Thomas Scherman, at a concert of the Little Orchestra in New York. That, however, is hardly a sufficing excuse, for it lacks buoyancy and style, or merely a well-sounding orchestra (Columbia).

Bassoon and Orchestra

In B flat, K.191. A phonographic classic and not likely to be excelled soon, with Fernand Oubradous as soloist and Eugene Bigot conducting (RCA Victor). It is a prewar French product, but even so newer (as well as better performed) than the alternative Archie Camden-Hamilton Harty (Columbia).

Clarinet and Orchestra

In A, K.622. Discophiles may wonder why Columbia never produced a version of this work when Benny Goodman was under contract to that firm and enterprising enough to record the Debussy "Rhapsody" with Barbirolli. The answer happens to be that he did make it, but didn't think it good enough to be issued. A wise, if harsh decision, for Reginald Kell's execution, with Malcolm Sargent conducting, is a consummate piece of work, and stylistically of the first order (RCA Victor).

Flute and Orchestra

No. 1 in G, K.313. Marcel Moyse is, for this phonographic era, the flute voice of Mozart, as indicated by his playing of this concerto and the companion piece following. There is no doubt that everyone in the studio is aware of his superior abilities, including the soloist himself. In consequence, the flute protrudes more than the best balance would decree; a deficiency which may be merely mechanical and no reflection of the soloist's virtuoso tendencies (RCA Victor).

No. 2 in D, K.314. More of the meritorious Moyse, in a recording of later date and subtler relation to the background. Coppola is his conductor in this instance (RCA Victor).

Flute, Harp, and Orchestra

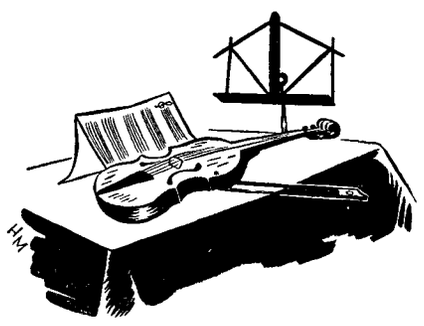
In C, K.299. See Imports.

Horn and Orchestra

No. 2 in E flat, K.417. See Imports.

No. 3 in E flat, K.447. A grand piece of virtuosity by the senior Brain (Aubrey), who is a complete master of his difficult instrument and a musician of equivalent sensitivity. An admirable accompaniment by Adrian Boult is properly complementary to the soloist.

No. 4 in E flat, K.495. Another member of the Brain trust, Dennis asserts in this—as well as several other recordings—that talent of the special sort needed to make a master horn player can be inherited. The study of heredity has not progressed (to my knowledge) to determining whether an embouchure can be transmitted through the blood stream, but the schooling provided by his father is altogether evident in his dazzling performance here. His skill is the more remarkable for the fact (attested by Beecham) that Brain plays the older version of the instrument. This lacks some later devices for facilitating execution, but, as demonstrated here, commands a richer, mellower sound than its descendant.



Violin and Orchestra

No. 3 in G, K.216. The Menuhin of his teens may be cherished for the artist he was, but there were some elements comprehended by the much older Huberman version (or, for that matter, an even older Kreisler) which were lacking in his playing (RCA Victor). A new version of this work recorded in France by Jacques Thibaud has not yet come our way (Vox). For the moment, superiority remains with Menuhin, especially for the fanciful work done by conductor Enesco.

No. 4 in D, K.218. As a successor to the venerable versions of Szigeti (Columbia) and Kreisler (RCA Victor), the new Heifetz (see page 41) is a fortunate preservation of the best of the old—Beecham's conducting—with the qualities that make him exceptional among contemporary virtuosi. Those who are essentially Kreisler enthusiasts will find this performance (in album 623) one of the best of his recent ones for the phonograph.

No. 5 in A, K.219. Until the appearance of the work noted above, this was an abiding evidence of the rare distinctions of Heifetz when all his forces are marshaled to the ultimate challenge of Mozart (RCA Victor). The Busch playing of a few years back is a little differently conceived relative to the small ensemble which he also conducts, but not necessarily closer to the Mozartian ideal (Columbia).

No. 7 in D, K.271. More Menuhin and Enesco here, with the conductor of constant efficiency, the violinist less. He plays with appropriate strength, but with a tone excessively metallic and unlovely (RCA Victor).

IMPORTS

There is a rather scant supply of additional Mozart concerti in European catalogues, for the palpable reason that the best of them are already in the domestic ones—or assigned there as soon as practicable (recent instances are, of course, the Heifetz-Beecham in D and the Brain-Blank horn concerto). Outstanding candidate for succession to these is the flute and harp concerto (also conducted by Beecham) with Lily Laskine repeating the part she played in the previous, now-withdrawn issue, with René Le Roy replacing Moyse as flutist. Other than that we know only of another edition of the Violin Concerto No. 7 (in D) with Charles Münch conducting for Denise Soriano (Pathé). —The Editor.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

IT WAS courageous of Decca even to consider a complete "St. Matthew Passion" in these austere times. HMV's dubbing of a wartime German set was not really satisfactory; the performance was badly cut and left much to be desired, in spite of Karl Erb's incomparable singing of the Narrator's lines. Furthermore, a text of this kind, which is familiar to countless people who may never before have heard Bach's Passion, should be given in a language that the audience can understand. Bach's music is so closely wedded to the words that a foreign language is more of a barrier here even than in the opera house.

The performance, familiar to London music lovers for many years, is given by the Bach Choir under its conductor, Dr. Reginald Jacques. It is so nearly complete that it is difficult to justify those cuts that were made, the only serious one being the bass aria with viol da gamba obbligato. The soloists range from mediocrity to excellence, the outer limits being represented by the two female voices (Elsie Suddaby and Kathleen Ferrier). Bach may be partly to blame for this discrepancy, for I have never yet heard the "St. Matthew" with a really good soprano or a really bad alto. The Narrator, Eric Greene, would be excellent were he not quite so self-conscious and "arty"; he entirely lacks the simplicity and burning conviction with which Karl Erb endowed this noble part. Henry Cummings, as Christ, starts disappointingly but improves greatly as the work proceeds; William Parsons gives a very good account of the bass arias, his singing of the beautiful air "Make thee clean my Heart from Sin" is quite lovely; the minor roles in the narrative are very well handled by Bruce Boyce and Gordon Clinton.

The orchestra, conducted by Dr. Jacques, is excellent throughout; the choir suffers somewhat in the recording process, for the big choruses tend to sound woolly—the chorales on the other hand come across beautifully. It is difficult for one who has heard the performances of Dr. Jacques Easter after Easter for more than a decade to criticize his reading objectively; there is no real yardstick in this country by which to measure it. He tends to take rather slow tempi, with the result that here and there he entirely misses Bach's dramatic effects. This is particularly noticeable in the accompaniment to the alto recitative "O Gracious God!," where, instead of scourging, we merely hear dotted quavers and semiquavers. He is altogether a little too suave.

Technically, the recording varies a good deal, both in quality and in dynamic level. The soloists are generally too loud relative to choir and orchestra, and the female voices occasionally overload and distort. The orchestra is beautifully captured, and never before on records has the continuo harpsichord sounded so delightful. In spite of many shortcomings, these forty-two sides embrace a recording of the first importance.

Two months ago I wrote enthusiastically about Flagstad's "Tristan" excerpt. Now she has surpassed that magnificent effort with her "Götterdämmerung" Finale, a recording likely to remain unchallenged for a great many years. I have always preferred her as Brünnhilde, for her voice has that superhuman quality Wagner must have had in mind for this great character. Here is Wotan's proud daughter indeed; though her father robbed her of her immortality at the end of "Die Walküre," her divine ancestry is here for all to hear. She is worthily partnered by Furtwängler, who directs the Philharmonia Orchestra (HMV). The recording sounds immensely exciting, though engineers still seem to be unable to cope with those majestic top notes.

Like the *SRL*'s reviewer, I was enchanted with Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges"; it deserves to be a huge success. The Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, which plays such a distinguished part in this recording, is also heard in a new version of the same composer's *pièce de résistance*, the "Boléro." The early pages of this score are a stiff test for any orchestra, and it must be admitted that these players, conducted here by Paul Kletzki, suffer a few casualties en route. On the whole, the Decca-Münch version is to be preferred.

A fascinating novelty is the Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 35, by Szymanowski, the distinguished Polish composer who died in 1935. This is by no means an easy or accessible composition, and Parlophone is to be commended for its courage in giving us this superb recording. As far as one can judge, the performance is completely authoritative; the Philharmonia Orchestra is directed by Gregor Fitelberg, a friend of the composer, and the soloist is Eugenia Uminska, a fine player new to our records. The concerto is scored for a huge orchestra, yet the clarity of detail leaves nothing to be desired. The recording is, from the technical

Highlights from Paris

Another complete opera recording has just been issued in France, this one of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." Raoul Jobin heads a distinguished cast from the Opéra-Comique. André Cluytens conducts this Columbia recording, which a French critic has acclaimed equal to the Glyndebourne Mozart sets.

The French Polydor firm has recorded an "Unknown" Piano Concerto in E flat major by Beethoven, soon to be available here from Vox. Never published, the work has been termed "a revelation." . . . Other recent French waxings include Honegger's "Symphonie Liturgique," the Third Symphony (for strings) of Jean Rivier, and a phonographic "first" of Mendelssohn's Octet.

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point of view, one of the most astonishing I have yet heard.

Münch's performance, with the Paris Conservatory, of Tchaikovsky's B minor ("Pathétique") Symphony has met with a mixed reception from critics. I liked it immensely; there is plenty of light and shade, it is exciting and not over sentimentalized. Decca's recording is wonderfully clear, though this company's peculiar timbre is apt to exaggerate the thinnish tone of the French strings and the "edgy" quality of their brass. HMV, this month, have given us a slightly-better-than-average performance of the same composer's F minor Symphony, by the Philharmonia under Dobrowen.

Artur Schnabel's third attempt at Beethoven's mighty E flat Concerto ("Emperor") is his finest to date. Not that his playing has improved greatly in the last two decades (the quota of wrong notes is certainly higher now than it was in 1932, though this is balanced by the even greater wisdom he brings to the music), but the recording is excellent and he is, for the first time, really well supported—by Alceo Galliera and the Philharmonia.

At last we have a first-rate version of Mendelssohn's youthful Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." We can only wonder why we have had to wait all this time for Sir Thomas Beecham to undertake this task. From those first, magic wind chords, no one listening to these HMV records can doubt that they are "just the job." (EDITOR'S NOTE: *Next month, Toscanini.*)

Chamber music receives scant attention this month; apart from Beethoven's Cello Sonata in D, Op. 102, No. 2 (Piatigorsky and Berkowitz), those wanting more intimate fare have to console themselves with the return of Wanda Landowska, who gives us a delightful record of a Concerto in D major by Vivaldi, arr. J. S. Bach.

Opera is represented, in addition to Wagner and Ravel, by the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci," capably sung by the Italian stage and film idol Tito Gobbi, and by the Marschallin's "Monologue" from Act I of "Der Rosenkavalier." Hilde Konetzni essays Lotte Lehmann's great part with considerable success, but even the Vienna Philharmonic's beautiful accompaniment cannot make us forget the greatest Marschallin of them all.

I should not like to finish without mentioning a charming little disc of two songs by Villa-Lobos, "Viola" and "Cantilena No. 3." The composer accompanies Frederick Fuller, a young English baritone with a small but attractive voice and a superb sense of style, who has made a special study of South American songs.

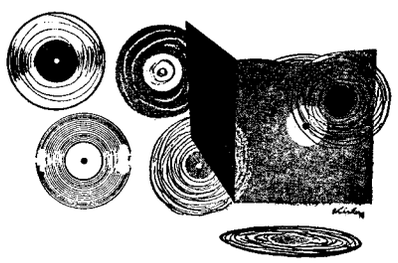
—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Some Highs and Lows

TONE JUGGLING

THERE didn't used to be much question about the control. It was just a knob that cut down the squawks and the static (and the music) as you turned it around. It was almost always turned all the way "down," anyway. It might as well have been built in and a knob saved.

But now we are more conscious of tonal possibilities. Most of us are convinced, at last, that "highs" can be respectable and even something not to be missed. The tone control accordingly has burgeoned and multiplied in a way that can be appalling. It's equalization now or compensation or boost-attenuation (dreadful proximity of Latin and Anglo-Saxon). A proper phonograph has at least two tone knobs, all too often a whole batch,



gaily lighted in Christmas tree colors. Just push the button—but which? Additional tone controls have a way of appearing in the most unexpected places. Some will be found built into the preamplifiers used with magnetic pickups. Others turn up perched on the rear works of some large speakers.

Without much question there is usually a gross overlapping of action. But each of these may have a special purpose, most likely with one particular tonal problem in view, and therefore it may be highly desirable to have it, duplication or no. For example, the differing reproduction of crystal and magnetic type pickups must be compensated for, "equalized." But once that is done, there is the problem of widely varying types of records to be brought into line with each other. Sometimes several specific tone choices ("response curves") are built into the preamplifier used for a magnetic pickup, to match certain general well-known types of records, especially as to bass strength. This type of tone control is favored by engineers who must know exactly what they are getting. Some of these preliminary tone-control centers are most elaborate, with perhaps five positions for the bass, an equal number for treble, in order to have maximum flexibility to match all sorts of records.

However, most of us non-engineers do our tone controlling by ear, not by formula, and in truth even an engineer must allow large leeway for the highly variable acoustical conditions under which we all listen to the same record. What's more, there's no accounting at all for tastes—certainly not by formula! Hence, for the home phonograph the basic tone control is still the front-panel type, and it is best continuously variable, for plain and simple ear adjustment—with one big reservation in favor of the engineers. It is essential for them, and a good thing for us too, to know exactly where the "normal," *i.e.*, non-functioning position of every tone-control is, the point, specifically, where the system takes what it gets —however cockeyed—and passes it on, unchanged, as well as it may. It is astonishing how hard it is to find this on most phonographs! Some controls go from normal to increase (of bass or treble) some from normal to decrease—and how one is to tell which end is "normal" I do not know!

Since it is just as likely that you will want more bass as less bass, and the same with treble, by far the most effective kind of control, now increasingly used on commercial amplifiers and home phonographs, is one where normal (neutral, zero, "flat," etc.) is *in the middle*, and so marked, the control pointing straight up. Down-to-the right increases (boosts); down-to-the-left decreases (attenuates). Two of these knobs, one for treble, one for bass, are necessary, and you'll find them usually right next to each other. Most engineers wouldn't mind having these controls in addition to the specific formula-type ones that reduce some specific tone control problem to exact, known factors.

Though the type of tone control here described is not, of course, absolutely essential (the Bogen amplifier we have recommended has, instead, four fixed tone settings) its presence in any amplifier or phonograph can be regarded as a good "plus" point when it comes to totaling features. With this as a basis—and especially with the vital "normal" points known, so that you can entirely remove this system from consideration, *and be sure of it*—you may well find that other supplementary tone systems can be helpful.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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HITS AND MISSES

ON THE extreme right as you enter the hot jazz pantheon is the fifty-one-year-old figure of the New Orleans soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet. It was Bechet of whom the Swiss conductor Ernest Ansermet was sufficiently prophetic to write in 1919 (when Sidney was twenty-two): ". . . what a moving thing it is that . . . he follows 'his own way' when one thinks that his 'own way' is perhaps the highway the whole world will swing along tomorrow." This, perhaps, is hyperbole, but if precisely the whole world hasn't swung to the idiom of hot jazz, so much of it has that Ansermet must be credited with very solid vaticinal powers. Bechet, like Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, and a few others still alive, is one of the pioneers of hot music. His improvisatory style has changed little if any in the last thirty years, and he has just issued a new album of records, "Sidney Bechet" (Columbia C173, $3.90). On four sides he is accompanied simply by a rhythm section, on the other four by the band of youngsters from Westchester and neighboring points for whom Bechet has been acting as a kind of musical *guru;* this little white combination, known as Bob Wilber's Wildcats, has caught the tone of the early New Orleans Negro groups with a fidelity which comes, clearly, not from sedulous aping but from real musical sympathy.

Since Bechet grew up, hot music has ramified from the New Orleans lyricism—a sibling of Afro-American religious music on the folk level—into the various derivatives sold under the name of "swing." Many of the latter have been oppressively mechanical, and there has been a steady tendency for mere musical ingenuity to supplant the spontaneous warmth of the New Orleans Masters. Most recently we have heard ingenuity carried to extremes in a highly calculated kind of syncopation called "bebop" whose intense concern with melodic bizarrerie, dissonantal harmony, and rhythmic shock suggests many parallels with the history of formal composition since the turn of the century. Jazz, in short, would seem to be recapitulating in its own terms the latter-day development of "serious" music. Any day we may expect a jazz atonalist. Now, it is tempting to find in the cold intricacies of bebop a fitting symbol, perhaps as fitting as the twelve-tone lucubrations of Arnold Schoenberg, for the spirit of the times; for are we not told on every hand, and by many of our most respected guides, that this is primarily an age of labyrinthine mentation? Will not its art naturally reflect the convolutions of modern thought?

If this is so, what is to be said about a talent like Sidney Bechet's? He continues to roll out his long, supple, vigorous inventions, and they have the freshness of a sunlit seaside morning. One answer, of course, is provided by the fellow travelers—Sidney is the sound of Stalin carrying on for Karl Marx. This department, which is really not winding up for an essay but merely commenting on a choice album of records, prefers to believe that the stresses of modern life, enormous and obsessing as they may be, have not expunged the singing ardor and gift from many heartening individuals. The problem is to find them. Bechet is one.

Brad Gowans, late of Boston, is a droll and enterprising hot trombonist addicted both to the slide and valve varieties of his instrument. The valve trombone, for those who have never pondered the matter, makes possible rapid staccato playing (*à la* keyed cornet) which is impossible with the relatively sluggish slide horn. On the other hand, the valve instrument sacrifices those glissandi which are the slippery glories of the slide mechanism. Gowans is no man to put up with this sort of impasse. He designed the Gowanophone, which is a valve trombone consolidating a slide feature; he can have his staccato and his rips as well. He can be heard operating the contraption excellently, surrounded by such jazz stars as the trumpeter Billy Butterfield, in spirited versions of two classics, "Jazz Me Blues" and "Singin' the Blues" (RCA Victor 20-3230, 75¢).

We freely acknowledge that while we seldom feel able to cope with Hollywood culture, it occasionally seduces us with something unparalleled, unique. Here, for instance, is an album, "Perfume Set to Music," in which a musical suite by the Hollywood composer Harry Revel is wafted forth by an orchestra and chorus under Leslie Baxter, with a soloist named Dr. Samuel J. Hoffman at the theremin (RCA Victor P231, $3.25). This is strictly a "production" from that terrific new world known as "promotion." The six perfumes celebrated are those of the house of Corday and their titles are "Toujour Moi," "Fame," "Tzigane," "Jet," "Possession," and "L'Ardente Nuit." Mr. Revel's harmless pieces of salon music evoking these odors are given a mighty business including wordless intoning by male and female choirs in the manner, if not the matter, of Debussy's "Sirènes," and the special virtuosity of Dr. Samuel J. Hoffman on his theremin. This is a contrivance which emits tones of various pitch according as an electrical field is affected by the imposition of human hands, say those of Dr. Samuel J. Hoffman. The general effect is that of a sublimated musical saw and, for that matter, is not too remote from the professional whistling of Fred Lowery in "Intermezzo" and "Red Sails in the Sunset" (Columbia 38344, 75¢).

Sundries for January: Claude Thornhill's dance orchestra is one of the few currently devoted to discreet harmonic niceties rather than chordal seven-layer cake—hear "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" (Columbia 38347, 75¢). Kay Kyser offers a pleasant revival of Irving Berlin's "Say It Isn't So" (Columbia 38348, 75¢). The month has also brought an album collecting eight of Artie Shaw's famous recordings of "Shaw Tunes" (RCA Victor P230, $4)—"Donkey Serenade," "My Heart Stood Still," "Lover Come Back to Me," "Rosalie," "The Man I Love," "Vilia" "Zigeuner," and "Carioca." When these first appeared, ten years or so ago, they struck us chiefly as expert exercises in the Benny Goodman manner. We have indulged in no such systematic review of outstanding Goodman successes as this album makes possible in the case of Shaw, but we now find that in almost every Shaw number there is a relentless distortion of the natural song phrasing into cliches of swing rhythm. It is almost as though, in writing for the brass and reed sections, the arranger deliberately pondered every phrase of the song under treatment and asked himself: "How can I heat this one up?" The result is affected and tiresome in the extreme.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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The Younger Set

Outstanding 1948 Releases

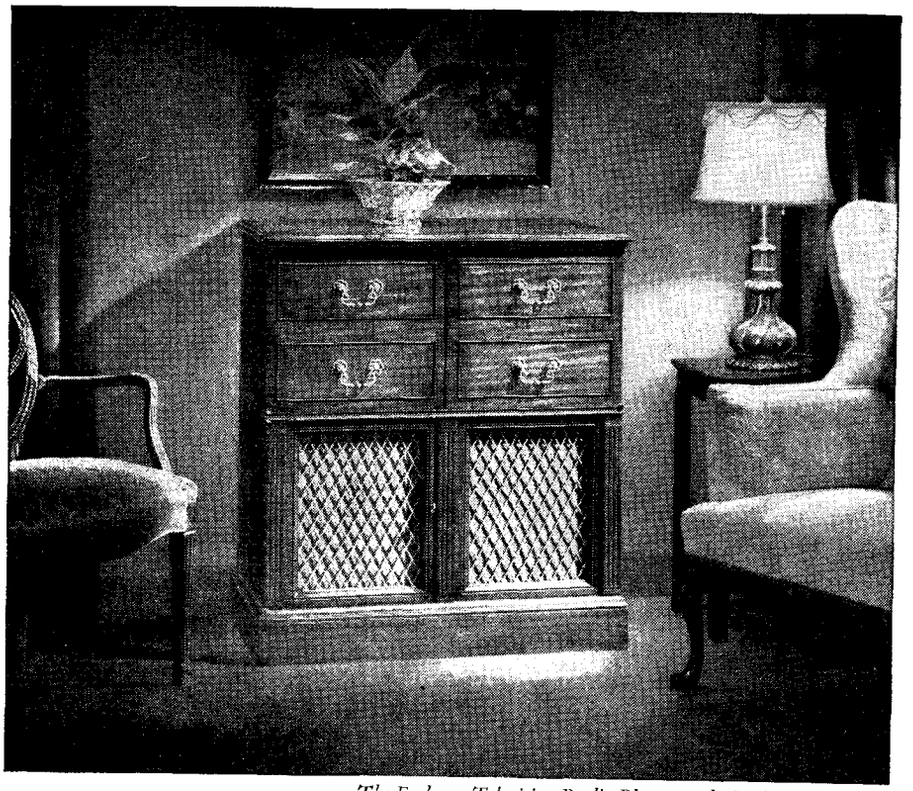
FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

BAMBI: Shirley Temple. (RCA)
BELLS OF CALAIS: (YPR)
BIBLE STORIES: Claude Rains. (Capitol)
BUILDING A CITY: (YPR)
CINDERELLA: Margaret Lockwood. (London)
FREDDIE AND THE FIDDLE: Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. (RCA Victor)
LITTLE COWBOY: Will Geer. (YPR)
LITTLE TOOT: (Capitol)
LULLABIES: Van Wey. (Disc)
MARCHES: London Philharmonic under Julius Harrison. (London)
MANY A MOON: Thurber. (Columbia)
NURSERY SONGS, VOL. II: Gene Kelly. (Columbia)
NUTCRACKER SUITE: Crane Calder. (Allegro)
RAINY DAY: (YPR)
SAID THE PIANO TO THE HARPSICHORD: (YPR)
SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES: Frank Luther. (Decca)
SONG OF CHRISTOPHER ROBIN: Alec Templeton. (RCA Victor)
STRAVINSKY: Walter Hendl. (YPR)
THIRTY-THREE CHILDREN'S SONGS: Frank Luther. (Decca)
WHAT MAKES RAIN: (Decca)

FOR OLDER CHILDREN

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Eva Le Gallienne. (RCA Victor)
ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER: (YPR)
BOY WHO SANG FOR THE KING: Dennis Day. (RCA Victor)
CHISHOLM TRAIL: Will Geer. (YPR)
FIDDLE FADDLE: Boston Pops. (RCA)
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: Danny Kaye. (Decca)
I CAN HEAR IT NOW: Edward R. Murrow. (Columbia)
INSTRUMENTS FOR THE ORCHESTRA: Sir Malcolm Sargent. (Columbia)
JAZZ BAND: Canada Lee, Kenneth Spencer, Teddy Wilson. (YPR)
JOHNNY APPLESEED: Dennis Day. (RCA Victor)
JOHNNY STRANGER: Middleton. (RCA)
MASQUERADE BALLET SUITE (Khachaturian): Stokowski. (Columbia)
QUADRILLES WITH CALLS: Margaret Mayo. (Decca)
RODEO (Copland): Dorati (RCA)
SEA CHANTIES: Warren. (RCA)
SONGS OF MANY NATIONS: Joseph Marais and Miranda. (Decca)
TALE OF TWO CITIES: Ronald Colman. (Decca)
VARIATIONS ON A NURSERY THEME Dohnányi): Cyril Smith with Liverpool Orchestra (Columbia).

—MARIE L. MUTCH.



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THE JAZZ BEAT

I'M DREAMING OF A BLACK CHRISTMAS

I HAVEN'T been a very good little boy this year. All that I need to make me know it is to look at the records that Santa has come through with this month—and a lot of other months. One set of recordings that has recently come to hand, as they say, will long live in my memory the way a particularly lurid nightmare lingers. It is called "Giants of Jazz" (Capitol album CC106, $3), and inasmuch as it consists of music from the Samuel Goldwyn production "A Song Is Born," it may be considered *prima facie* evidence of the way Hollywood is bringing jazz to the millions.

The initial two sides are almost collector's items, for here is preserved in shellac for the first time the unspeakable catastrophe that occurs each time a jazz film is made. It is the grand finale in all its dollar-ninety-eight baroque wherein there is a grand recapitulation of one or more of the melodies previously stated in the picture and everybody in the cast is seen to be trucking and shuffling about the premises as they "get rhythm." I have not seen the picture, but from the sound of the music (based on the "Going Home" riff from Dvorák's "New World Symphony") and the way the whole cast has a go at it, I fear for the worst.

Sociologically, it is a commendable work, since all the proceeds are given to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. Everybody is given lavish credit lines for his generous donations except Antonin Dvorák. All in all the best thing to do is listen to the sides at your favorite record shop and then go out and give five bucks to the Cancer Fund.

STAN HASSELGARD: *"Sweet and Hot Mop"; "I'll Never Be the Same."* (Capitol 15302, 79¢.)

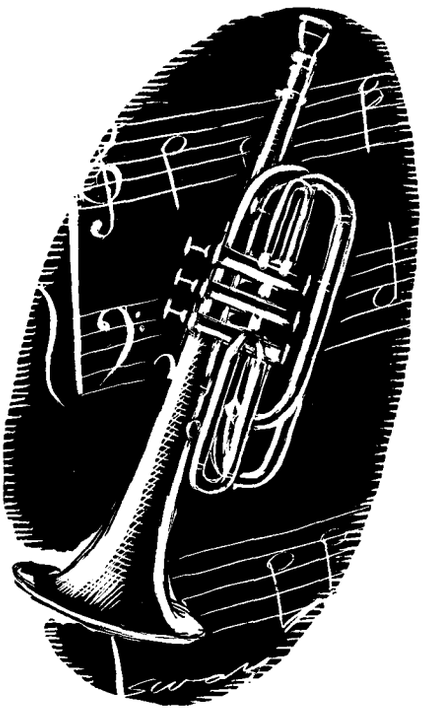
It is sad to play this very tasteful recording and to know it is one of the very few we shall ever have by this promising young clarinetist, who was killed in a motor accident last month. Along with Buddy DeFranco, John LaPorta, and Benny Goodman (who, it is rumored, is flirting with a beret to match his horn rims), Hasselgard was a staunch and often highly exciting purveyor of the more modern jazz. He will be sorely missed although I am afraid he hadn't been around long enough to become even a lesser legend.

CHARLIE PARKER: *"Dewey Square"; "This Is Always."* (Dial 1019, $1.05); *"Bongo Bop"; "Embraceable You."* (Dial 1024, $1.05.)

Inasmuch as the first side came out several months ago the tale suggests that Charlie knew even before the election. Seriously, it happens to be what has become almost a commonplace in the music business—a brilliant, masterful opus by Parker. It is, in the words of bop hepsters, real crazy. "Bongo" is more of the medium-tempoed same and "Embraceable" is Parker's rather cubistic conception of what was originally a simple straightforward melody.

CLIMBIN' AND SCREAMIN': (Circle album S-16, $3.90.)

Put out the lights and call the law right now. Circle has acquired the rights to the famous Solo Art recordings of some of the finest classical jazz piano solos ever cut. The mellow redolence of the rib joint is not surprising because the players include Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Jimmy Yancey, Art Hodes, and Clarence Lofton. The discs will wear well in a gin mill juke box or better still on your own phonograph.



J. C. HEARD: *"Ollopa"; "This Is It."* (Apollo 783, 79¢.)

First mentioned is a bopesque pandemonium that swings tremendously, one of the finest sides ever from the Apollo presses. "Ollopa" spelled backwards is, of course, Serutan, one of the newer labels. J. C. Heard at the drums drives the session mightily.

ERROLL GARNER: *"Play Piano Play"; "Fantasy on Frankie and Johnny."* (Dial 1026, $1.05.)

This pianist is one of the most discussed and admired among practising musicians these days. Although his left hand seems a little leaden, there is no denying that his melodic excursions are original. Incidentally, the first side was selected as the finest piano record of the year by a group of French critics in the magazine *Disques*.

THIS IS JAZZ, VOL. III: (Circle album S-15, $3.90.)

Six more sides by the All Star Stompers, in whose ranks stand Wild Bill Davison, Albert Nicholas, James P. Johnson, Baby Dodds, and Pops Foster among others. The recordings are taken from Rudi Blesh's Mutual Network series when somebody back at the station slipped up and gave regular time to a fine jazz program; a clerical error, no doubt. The high Network brass has since changed all that, and the only way you can get the group now is on record. While most of these are not exactly imperishable gems, they are quite good listening.

—GILBERT MCKEAN.

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(*Continued from page 41*)

"gaily the troubadour plays his guitar" is still followed by a profane demonstration of Spain by the orchestra. St. Ignatius, well handled vocally and intellectually by Edward Matthews, still pronounces the remarkable solo that begins with "A scene and withers" and rises to a real delicacy of emotion in "pear trees cherry blossoms pink blossoms and late apples and surrounded by Spain and lain." Occasionally the orchestra, in which an accordion swims, does fandangos and tells tales by itself. Here intact is all of that tremulously moving (I am entirely serious) scena with chorus, "Pigeons on the grass alas."

I want to quarrel momentarily with one or two things omitted from the recording, cuts necessitated by the confines of ten twelve-inch sides. The haunting, maddening, and entirely apt quotation of "My country, 'tis of thee" has been deleted. More sorely, I miss the hilarious catechism as to "how many saints are there in it," repeated to a series of orotund and progressively inconclusive answers. But this is perfectionist carping, for a complete recording would have meant a selling price high enough to put the set outside the reach of many who will find delight in this well-wrought contraction.

The balance of instruments, soloists, and chorus is excellently kept by the recording, which was made with concert placement: orchestra in front, soloists and chorus behind. Virgil Thomson conducts with love and an exact ability to elucidate the effects he intended. I am elsewhere committed in print to the judgment that " 'Four Saints' is the opposite of epochal." It seems to me, nonetheless, to be the best realized and most successfully musical opera by an American composer. Less parochially, it surely belongs in the company of "Carmen" as a flowering of atmosphere, character, and delight. It is American, it is Spanish, it is French, and I am certain that Georges Bizet would have enjoyed all of it. If Mr. Thomson had not proved in "The Mother of Us All" that he could do it again, I should say that "Four Saints" is unique. Certainly this recording is unique. It constitutes a major and enduring contribution to that now sadly neglected cause, the gaiety of nations.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

Herbert Weinstock is the author of biographies of Handel and Tchaikovsky, and a forthcoming study of Chopin.

Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Adlam, Buzz: "In a Sentimental Mood." MGM 10323, 75¢.	Ignorant as I am of Dr. Adlam's identity, I am also at a loss to explain why the assorted fiddles, saxes, and trumpets of the orchestra are identified by name on the label. The style is, so to speak, Air-Force Miller, with the slow-paced Ellington tune paired with a hopped-up one of "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie." Good studio recording by MGM, but little else.
Armstrong, Louis: "Lovely Weather We're Having." RCA Victor 20-2648, 75¢.	Having freed himself from the restraints of a big commercial band, Armstrong now finds himself knee-deep in small commercial tunes. It all suggests that he can't win, but he comes mighty close to knocking out a base-clearing blow in this one, handicaps to the contrary. "Please Stop Playing Those Blues, Boy" is the second side.
Dorsey, Jimmy: "At Sundown." MGM 10316, 75¢.	With the current status of pop recording, it is hardly possible to know whether the J. Dorsey band is still playing this way, or even playing at all. However, Donaldson's good old tune is so embellished with routine jazz figurations that its own qualities are hardly apparent. Dee Parker sings an O'Connell-type vocal. "Angela Mia," overside, is meant to be dreamy—but it is just somnolent.
Dorsey, Tommy: "You Can Never Shake Love." RCA Victor 20-3236, 75¢.	Since Joe Bushkin can't make his mind up to go on being one of our best jazz pianists, I'll settle for letting him go on writing tunes like this one. (Remember "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin" and "Look at Me Now"? They were also Bushkin's.) The tune's replete with beat and properly honored by the Dorsey trombone, also the Town Criers, his current vocal group. "You Know What the Trouble Is, Baby"—an Oliver original—is its partner, in a better than average record combination. Lucy Ann Polk is the vocalist.
Gould, Morton: "Do You Remember?" Columbia album 787, $4.90.	Gould's Memory Lane is a Neon-lit turnpike, hardly less gaudy than the adjacent Via Kostelanetz. He can take such a jaunty tune as "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and immerse it in a sticky solution of strings about as palatable as corn syrup on a hamburger. What he does with "Nola," "My Blue Heaven," "Dardanella," "The Sheik," "Twelfth Street Rag," and "Whispering" is, similarly, less in the category of the remembered than the dismembered. They may sound beerily nostalgic from a radio at 2:00 A.M., but hardly under other, more conscious, conditions.
Howard, Eddy: "Slow Boat to China," and others. Mercury 5212, 5210, 5208, 79¢ each.	A relatively easy and effective singing of a current earitant, delivered with grace and a pleasant sense of a light manner by one of the few skilled practitioners of that art. We trust Howard has not picked up any bad habits in the year since he made this, and the others of the present batch: "When the Red Red Robin," "I'd Love to Live in Loveland," "Dainty Brenda Lee," "Bella Bella Marie," and "Just Because," the last of these an especially artful effort.
Pickens, Jane: "One Sunday Afternoon." RCA Victor 20-3238, 75¢.	The solo debut of a once-famous third of a trio is enhanced by a pair of more than ordinarily pleasant tunes. ("Galway Bay" is the additional item.) Miss Pickens is an engaging artist, with more voice than the average popular singer. However, it is no advantage that she is heard with a vocal ensemble, rather than an orchestra. That is understandable as a post-Petrillo measure, but what is that string-sounding instrument in the background? Some exotic Irish harp, no doubt, not subject to AFM control.
Powell, Jane: "Romance." Columbia album 788, $3.90.	There is no tune entitled "Romance" in this collection, but it is otherwise an accurate catch-all designation for "Kiss Me Again," "A Kiss in the Dark," "Through the Years," "Will You Remember?" and "Lover Come Back to Me." Miss Powell has a bright little voice, with which she exudes bright little sentiments, also Durbinish embellishments of the basic tunes. To her credit, it may be mentioned that every word she sings can be heard. That includes, remarkably enough, an English lyric for Grieg's "Last Spring" which has somehow crept into the collection. Carmen Dragon does excellent work with the orchestral accompaniments, and the recording is uncommonly good.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

The Thousand Club

SIR: I would like to commend your suggestion of the "Thousand Club" and to wish it success. If it matures, it may be more satisfactory than the "Societies" of the past, operation of which I never understood. . . . I am willing to subscribe to the following: "Die Junge Magdt" (Hindemith), "Symphony No. 3" (Sibelius), a new recording of "Das Lied von der Erde" (Mahler), Duparc songs (Panzera album), and "Legends," Opus 22, (Sibelius). . . . With best wishes for success. . . .

D. T. MACROBERTS.

Shreveport, La.

SIR: I am constitutionally opposed to joining things, but you will have to put me down for your "Thousand Club." . . . As a nomination, how about an abridged version of Victor M-60, the big album of excerpts from "Götterdämmerung"? Omitting from it portions which are readily available in more modern recordings—the "Rhine Journey," "Immolation," etc. —would bring it down to manageable proportions and restore to the catalogue music that has been totally unavailable for years.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

Hagerstown, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Warner's observations are more in line with the projected purpose of the "Thousand Club" than those of reader MacRoberts for the simple reason that new recordings would have to be underwritten by considerably more than a thousand buyers to make them financially possible. But, for the Kajanus "No. 3" of Sibelius, and the "Götterdämmerung" album, both "Skol" and "Prosit"!*

Boston in Carnegie?

SIR: In a recent RECORDINGS you state that Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony recorded Prokofieff's "Classical" in Carnegie Hall. Doesn't the Boston group do all of their recording in Symphony Hall in Boston?

MARION W. BECKNER.

Arlington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Traditionally, yes; but during 1947 Koussevitzky was prevailed upon to do some recording in Carnegie Hall, where certain works sound to greater advantage than they do in Symphony Hall—especially in respect to string tone. The "Classical" was one, and others are likely to come along from time to time.*

FDR on Discs

SIR: I am interested in purchasing recordings of speeches by the late President Roosevelt and would appreciate your advice on where I could buy good recordings. What do you think of the quality of the records issued by Linguaphone? Are there better recordings available and if so where may they be purchased?

BEN L. OWENS.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The quality is excellent, allowing for discrepancies in the broadcast quality of the speeches, since they are wholly derived from public occasions, or fireside chats. My only objection to this series is the interpolated comments, à la radio, and some use of musical "bridges." However, this is a much richer representation of the material than is available in any other collection. Some isolated documents are available separately (such as the "Day of Infamy" Declaration of War) but they are hard to track down. Linguaphone is easier, much more comprehensive.*

Ormandy's Strauss

SIR: In a recent BASIC LIBRARY no mention was made of the Ormandy version of "Death and Transfiguration." Was this an omission or is it *that* bad?

MARVIN BLITZ.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The forgetfulness was of the sort generally termed Freudian. It was an omission, but we are not a partisan for the Ormandy version, even so. For that matter, we would not recommend any currently available issue. Patience and fortitude!*

Cagey on LP?

SIR: I . . . am finding it an increasing source of irritation that Columbia is being so cagey with its LP releases. I'm not sure where I first heard it, but when I bought the attachment I believed that Columbia was to issue LP recordings of each new classical release simultaneously with the shellac recordings. . . . In any case, you can surely understand my resentment, on reading the October announcement of LP releases, at all the Dickens and Morton Gould!

JOHN E. HUGHES.

Princeton, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We believe Columbia intends to make that practice general, and recent releases (since reader Hughes's letter) suggest that the intention is approaching realization. However, Mr. Hughes also makes mention of the Brahms "Requiem" (Von Karajan) as something desirable on LP which has not yet appeared. I understand that its transference (along with the Berlioz "Requiem") to LP is under study, but there are obvious difficulties where the original cut was only the conventional one.*

Mozart Rarity

SIR: Your December issue publishes extracts from the diary of Ignatz Leitgeb which show Mozart to have been a practical jokester of no mean ability. This reveals a facet of Mozart's personality heretofore unnoticed by biographers, and I. G. Mattingly is to be congratulated for bringing these diaries to light.

GUSTAV OLSON.

Toledo, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Mr. Olson and other Mozartians whose pulses have quickened at the thought of newly discovered biographical material a speedy elucidation is in order. "Mozart and the Cheesemonger" was nothing but sheer fantasy. For unadulterated Mozart biography Jahn or Einstein can still be considered respectable sources.*

A summary of the year's best recordings will be published in RECORDINGS next month.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music House*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Samba with Cugat (C)	Prokofieff Toccata (RCA)	L'Enfant et Les Sortilèges (C)
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Glenn Miller (RCA)	Because (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Chas. W. Homeyer*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Bachianas (C)	Hamlet (RCA)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Merry Christmas (D)	Adagio—Samuel Barber (RCA)	Mahler Ninth (RCA)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Dream of Olwen (C)	Damoiselle Elue (C-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Merry Christmas (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
DETROIT				
(*Campus Record Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Rhumba da Cuba (Cap)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	My Darling (Cap)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	American in Paris (RCA)
KANSAS CITY				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Merry Christmas (D)	Polonaise (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
LOS ANGELES				
(*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (RCA)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words & Music*)	Little Bird Told Me (D)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Paganini Variations (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's Inc.*)	Cuanto La Gusta (D)	Cocktail Capers (Cap)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NASHVILLE				
(*MU Sound System*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Merry Christmas (D)	Mignon—DiStefano (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Carmen—Bjoerling (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Hungarian Airs (RCA)	Thais Duet (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Little Bird Told Me (D)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Manon—Albanese(RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Merry Christmas (D)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Merry Christmas (D)	Mignon—Di Stefano (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
OMAHA				
(*Lyons & Healy, Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Night Before Christmas (D)	Lord's Prayer (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Rhumba with Cugat (C)	Hansel—Dream Pantomime (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*The Record Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Allegro (RCA)	Goyescas—Intermezzo (RCA)	Saint-Saëns Concerto No. 2 (RCA)
PORTLAND, ME.				
(*Cressey & Allen*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Merry Christmas (D)	Ave Maria—Anderson (RCA)	Masquerade Suite (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*The Record Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)		Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
WASHINGTON, D. C.				
(*Brentano's*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Rue Pigalle (V)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)

Key: C—Columbia C-LP—Columbia Long Playing Cap—Capitol D—Decca RCA—Victor V—Vox

Leaders: "Buttons and Bows" (Dinah Shore) is a clear winner for the second month in succession, its eighteen entries almost placing it in the "Nature Boy" class. After many months of scattered buying there is at last a popular album worthy of the name best seller. Bing Crosby's "Merry Christmas" draws this honor with seven stores to its credit. The spoken voice has triumphed over music in the "Classical Album" category this month. Columbia's phono montage "I Can Hear It Now" claims first place, with the Olivier "Hamlet" album a close second. Note that two stores elect to put "I Can Hear It" in the "popular" column.

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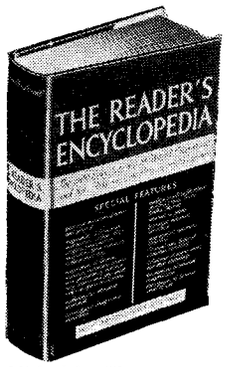

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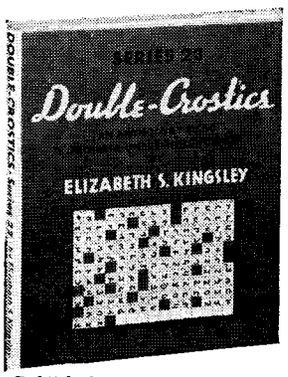

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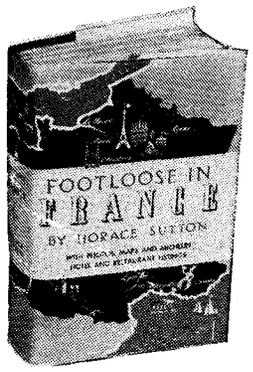

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